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THE
H I V E:
OR, A — K
COLLECTION OF THOUGHTS

ON
CIVIL, MORAL, SENTIMENTAL, AND RELIGIOUS
SUBJECTS;

Selected from the WRITINGS of near one hundred of the
best and most approved AUTHORS of different Nations;
but chiefly from the most celebrated English Writers,
who have been esteemed the most correct and elegant
Models of fine Composition;

INTENDED AS A
REPOSITORY
OF SENTENTIOUS, INGENIOUS, AND
PERTINENT SAYINGS.
IN VERSE AND PROSE,

To which Youth may have recourse upon any particular
Topic; and by which they may be taught to think
justly, write correctly and elegantly, and speak with
Propriety.



PHILADELPHIA:
PRINTED BY JAMES CAREY, 83, N. SECOND-STREET.

1796.



INTRODUCTION.

AT a time when the thirst for knowledge is so universal, that it is sought after by all ranks of people ; through its most intricate windings, and mazy labyrinths, it is not to be wondered at, that books of science and polite literature are published in such abundance, and that they meet with that reception and encouragement, from a liberal-minded public, which their noble design requires, and which their intrinsic merit demands.

The design of this publication, is not merely to amuse ; but rather, in an engaging, diversified, and pleasing manner, to attract the attention—imperceptibly gain the affections—and draw the soul to a love of virtue (by delineating her in her most attractive and alluring dress), from whence arises the spring of all great, noble, and generous actions :—To inculcate a sincere detestation of every species of vice, by an exposition of the malevolent affections of the mind, as well in their softer, as in their more glaring, or aggravated colours.

The above, though not the least, is not the chief intention of this selection.—The art of thinking justly, speaking pertinently, and writing with correctness, ease, elegance, and precision upon any subject, has ever been esteemed

iv INTRODUCTION.

the first ornament of the human mind, and justly accounted the grand characteristical mark by which the rational being is distinguished from the irrational.—Yet, how few do we find thus accomplished, or how very few give themselves any trouble to hold their rank in the great scale of animal creation. To render the above invaluable accomplishment easy of acquirement, is the principal design of **THE HIVE**, wherein all the vices, virtues, relative duties, and affections of the human soul are delineated by the masterly hands of many of the first writers in the English language, who are as much esteemed for their correctness, ease, elegance, and beauty of diction, as for their conciseness, perspicuity, justness, and dignity of thought.

The editor of this miscellaneous volume, deeply impressed with the importance of the above consideration, without any parade of unmeaning ceremony, humbly recommends **THE HIVE** to the support and attention of the candid public, as a publication solely intended to improve the heart, to inform the judgment, and gently to draw the affections to the love of virtue. **I NO 61**

T H E
H I V E.

A F F L I C T I O N S .

The present misfortune is always deemed the greatest: Therefore small causes are sufficient to make us uneasy, when great ones are not in the way.

WE ought to make a good improvement of past and present afflictions. If they are not sanctified to us, they become a double cross; but if they work rightly in us, and convince us of our failings, and how justly we are afflicted, they do us much good. Affliction is a spiritual physic for the soul, and is compared to a furnace; for as gold is tried and purified therein, so men are proved, and either purified from their dross, and fitted for good uses, or else entirely burnt up and undone for ever. Therefore may all who labour under any kind of affliction, have reason to say with JOB,—
“when he hath tried me, I shall come forth as pure gold.”

B

Let

Let a man live (says Mr. Steele) but two or three years without affliction, and he is almost good for nothing; he cannot pray, nor meditate, nor keep his heart fixed upon spiritual things; but let God smite him in his child, health, or estate; now he can find his tongue and affections again, now he awakes and falls to his duty, in earnest; now God has twice as much honour from him as he had before. Now, saith God, this amendment pleaseth me, this rod was well bestowed, I have disappointed him in his great benefit and advantage.

It may be boldly affirmed, that good men generally reap more substantial benefit from their afflictions, than bad men do from their prosperities; and what they lose in wealth, pleasure, or honour, they gain with vast advantage in wisdom, goodness, and tranquility of mind.

Prosperity is not without its troubles, nor adversity without its comforts. A mind that can bear affliction without murmur, and the weight of a plentiful fortune without vain glory—that can be familiar without meanness, and reserved without pride, has something in it great, particularly pleasing, and truly admirable.

Nothing would be more unhappy (said Demetrius) than a man who had never known affliction. The best need afflictions for the trials of their virtue: How can we exercise the grace of contentment, if all things succeed well? or that of forgiveness, if we have no enemies?

He who barely weeps at misfortunes, when it is in his power to heal them, is not touched with

with them to the heart, and only sheds the tears of a crocodile.

If you are disquieted at any thing, you should consider with yourself, Is this thing of that worth, that for it I should so disturb myself, and lose my peace and tranquility?

The consideration of a greater evil, is a sort of remedy against a lesser. They are always impaired by affliction, who are not improved by it. A virtuous man is more peaceable in adversity, than a wicked man in prosperity.

The keeping ourselves above grief, and every painful passion, is indeed very beautiful and excellent; and none but souls of the first rate seem to be qualified for the undertaking.

It were no virtue to bear calamities, if we did not feel them.

Divine providence always places the remedy near the evil; there is not any duty to which Providence has not annexed a blessing; nor any affliction for which virtue has not provided a remedy.

If some are refined like gold in the furnace of affliction, there are many more, that, like chaff, are consumed in it.

Sorrow, when it is excessive, takes away fervour from piety, vigour from action, health from the body, light from the reason, and repose from the conscience. Resignation to the divine will is a noble, and needful lesson.

Yet there is a gloomy pleasure in being dejected and inconsolable. Melancholy studies how to improve itself, and sorrow finds wonderful relief in being more sorrowful.

To be afflicted with the afflicted, is an instance of humanity, and the demand of good

nature and good breeding : Pity is but an imaginary aid ; and yet, were it not for that, sorrow would be many times utterly insupportable.

Mirth is by no means a remedy for grief ; on the contrary, it raises and inflames it. The only probable way I know of to soften or cure grief in others, is by putting on an appearance of feeling it yourself ; and you must, besides, talk frequently and feelingly on the occasion, and praise and blame as the sufferer does ; but then remember to make use of the opportunity this condescension and familiarity gives you, of leading him, by degrees, into things and passages remote from his present bent of mind, and not unpleasing in themselves. In this manner, and by this policy, you will be able to steal him away from his afflictions with his own approbation, and teach him to think and speak of other things than that alone which frets—or rather WRINGS his heart.

None should despair, because God can help them ; and none should presume, because God can cross them. A firm trust in the assistance of an Almighty Being, naturally produces patience, hope, cheerfulness, and all other dispositions of mind that alleviate those calamities which we are not able to remove.

He who is puffed up with the first gale of prosperity, will bend beneath the first blast of adversity.

Reproof in adversity hath a double sting.

There is but one way of fortifying the soul against all gloomy presages and terrors of the mind ; and that is, by securing to ourselves the friendship

friendship and protection of that Being who disposes of events, and governs futurity.

Events which have the appearance of misfortunes, often prove a happy source of future felicity ; this consideration should enable us to support affliction with calmness and fortitude.

A N G E R.

An angry man who suppresses his passions, thinks worse than he speaks, and an angry man that will chide, speaks worse than he thinks. A vindictive temper is not only uneasy to others, but to them that have it.

Anger may glance into the bosom of a wise man, but rests only in the bosom of fools.

In all things mistakes are excuseable ; but an error that proceeds from any good principle leaves no room for resentment.

It was a good method observed by Socrates, when he found in himself any disposition to anger, he would check it by speaking low, in opposition to the motions of his displeasure.

It is much better to reprove ingenuously, than to be angry secretly.

He that waits for an opportunity of acting his revenge, watches to do himself a mischief.

By taking revenge, a man is but even with his enemy, but by passing it over, he is superior.

It is the only valour to remit a wrong ; and the greatest applause that I might hurt and would not.

To be able to bear provocation, is an argument of great wisdom ; and to forgive it, of a great mind.

They who will be angry for any thing, will be angry for nothing.

None should be so implacable as to refuse an humble submission. He whose very best actions must be seen with favourable allowance, cannot be too mild, moderate, and forgiving.

To pardon faults of error, is but justice to the failings of our nature.

The noblest remedy for injuries is oblivion. Light injuries are made none by not regarding them.

There is no man obliged to live so free from passion, as not in some cases to shew some resentment: There are injuries, affronts, &c. that are frequently met with in our tour through life, where it would be rather a Stoical stupidity than virtue, to do otherwise: I do not mean revenge, for that must ever be wrong; but a proper resentment, so that the injurer may not be encouraged to commit a second injury.

One unquiet disposition distempers the peace and unity of a whole family, or society; as one jarring instrument will spoil a whole concert.

Our passions are like the seas, agitated by the winds; but as God hath set bounds to these, so should we to those; so far should they go and no farther.

Reason is given us, by him who breathed in us our immortal part, that in all our actions we should govern ourselves by advice of it.

We must forget the good we do for fear of upbraiding; and religion bids us forget injuries, lest the remembrance of them suggest to us a desire of revenge.

He

He that is always angry with his sin, shall seldom sin in his anger.

He that is not above an injury, is below himself.

Anger let loose is one of the most foolish passions, 'tis no wonder that it generally disappoints itself, and misses its end, by choosing the most violent means, which are seldom successful.

Reason in anger, is like a ship in the tempest, hurried away by the waves, and often overfet.

The angry man is his own severest tormentor ; his breast knows no peace, while his raging passions are restrained by no sense of either moral or religious duties ; what would be his case, if his unforgiving examples were followed by his all-merciful maker, whose forgiveness he can only hope for, in proportion as he himself forgives and loves his fellow creatures, through the merits and blood of the blessed Jesus.

An injury unanswered, in course grows weary of itself, and dies away in a voluntary remorse.

Think, when you are enraged at any one, what would probably become your sentiments, should he die during the dispute. Reconciliation is the tenderest part either of friendship or love. The sacrificing of our anger to our interest, is oftentimes no more than the exchange of a painful passion for a pleasurable.

AMBITION

AMBITION AND AVARICE.

Ambition and avarice are the two elements that enter into the composition of all crimes. Ambition is boundless, and avarice insatiable.

He that spares in every thing is a niggard; and he who spares in nothing is profuse; neither of which can be generous or liberal.

Pitiful! that a man should so care for riches, as if they were his own, yet so use them, as if they were another's, that when he might be happy in spending them—he will be miserable in keeping them; and had rather, dying, leave wealth to his enemies, then when alive relieve his friends.

Interest speaks all manner of languages, and acts all sorts of parts. Virtues are lost in interest, as rivers in the sea.

History tells us of illustrious villains, but there never was an illustrious miser in nature.

What madness is it for a man to starve himself to enrich his heir, and so turn a friend into an enemy! for his joy at your death will be proportionate to what you leave him.

The tallest trees are most in the power of the winds, and ambitious men of the blasts of fortune. Great marks are soonest hit.

The most laudable ambition is, to be wise; and the greatest wisdom, to be good.

We may be as ambitious as we please, so we aspire to the best things.

Many through pride or ambition ruin their fortune and family, by expence and equipage, making themselves little by striving to be great, and poor by trying to look rich.

It

It is very strange, that no estimate is made of any creature except ourselves, but by its proper qualities. He has a magnificent house, so many thousand pounds a year, is the common way of estimating men, though these things are only about them, not in them, and make no part of their character.

Honours, monuments, and all the works of vanity and ambition, are demolished and destroyed by time ; but the reputation of wisdom is venerable to posterity.

When blind ambition quite mistakes her road,
And downward pores for that which shines above,
Substantial happiness, and true renown ;
Then like an idiot gazing on the brook,
We leap at stars, and fall in the mud ;
At glory grasp, and sink in infamy.

BEAUTY.

THERE is nothing that gives us so pleasing a prospect of human nature, as the contemplation of wisdom and beauty. Beauty is an overweening, self-sufficient thing, careless of providing itself any more substantial ornament ; nay, so little does it consult its own interest, that it too often defeats itself by betraying that innocence which renders it lovely and desirable. As therefore virtue makes a beautiful woman appear more beautiful, so beauty makes a virtuous woman really more virtuous.

It is, methinks, a low and degrading idea of that sex, which was created to refine the joys,

joys, and soften the cares of human nature, by the most agreeable participation, to consider them merely as objects of sight. This is abridging them of their natural extent of power, to put them upon a level with their pictures. How much nobler is the contemplation of beauty heightened by virtue, and commanding our esteem and love, while it draws our observation? How faint and spiritless are the charms of the coquet, when compared with the real loveliness of innocence, piety, good humour, the irresistible charms of modesty unaffected,—humanity with all those rare and pleasing marks of sensibility; virtues, which add a new softness to her sex, and even beautify her beauty.

Nothing (says Mr. Addison) can atone for the want of modesty and innocence, without which, beauty is ungraceful, and quality contemptible.

Let a woman be decked with all the embellishments of art and care of nature; yet if boldness be to be read in her face, it blots all the lines of beauty.

The plainer the dress, with greater lustre does beauty appear: Virtue is the greatest ornament, and good sense the best equipage.

An inviolable fidelity, good humour, and complacency of temper in a woman, outlive all the charms of a fine face, and make the decays of it invisible.

It is but too seldom seen, that beautiful persons are otherwise of great virtue.

No beauty hath any charms equal to the inward beauty of the mind. A gracefulness in the manners is much more engaging than that
of

of the person ; the former every one has the power to attain to in some measure ; the latter is in no one's power—is no internal worth, and was the gift of God, who formed us all. Meekness and modesty are the true and lasting ornaments.

Virtue's the chiefest beauty of the mind,
The noblest ornament of human kind.

Beauty inspires a pleasing sentiment, which prepossesses people in its favour. Modesty has great advantages, it sets off beauty, and serves as a veil to ugliness. The misfortune of ugliness is, that it sometimes smothers and buries much merit ; people do not look for the engaging qualities of the head and heart in a forbidding figure. 'Tis no easy matter when merit must make its way, and shine through a disagreeable outside.

Without virtue, good sense, and sweetness of disposition, the finest set of features will, ere long, cease to please ; but where these with the graces are united, it must afford an agreeable and pleasing contemplation.

The liberality of nature in the person, is but too frequently attended with a deficiency in the understanding.

Beauty alone in vain its charms dispense,
The charms of beauty, are the charms of sense.

Beauty without the graces of the mind, will have no power over the hearts of the wise and good. Beauty is a flower which soon withers, health changes, and strength abates, but innocence

nocency is immortal, and a comfort both in life and death.

Let us suppose the virtuous mind a rose,
Which nature plants and education blows.

Merit, accompanied with beauty, is a jewel
set to advantage.

Let virtue prove your never fading bloom,
For mental beauties will survive the tomb.

There are emanations from the mind, which, like a ray of celestial fire, animate the form of beauty; without these the most perfect symmetry is but a moulded clod; and whenever they appear, the most indifferent features acquire a spirit of sensibility, and an engaging charm, which those only do not admire, who want faculties to discover.—Those strokes of sensibility, those touches of innocence and dignity, &c. display charms too refined for the discernment of vulgar eyes, that are captivated by a glance of beauty, assisted by vivid colour and gaudy decoration.

BENEVOLENCE.

Be thine those feelings of the mind,
That wake to honour's, friendship's call;
Benevolence, that's unconfin'd,
Extends her lib'ral hand to all.

The heart that bleeds for others woes,
Shall feel each selfish sorrow less;
The breast that happiness bestows,
Reflected happiness shall bless.

As

As benevolence is the most social of all virtues, so it is of the largest extent ; for there is not any man, either so great or so little, but he is yet capable of receiving benefits.

The greatest benefits of all, have no witness, but lie concealed in the conscience.

A kind benefactor makes a man happy as soon as he can, and as much as he can. There should be no delay in a benefit, but the modesty of the receiver. If we cannot foresee the request, let us however immediately grant it. It is so grievous a thing to say, I beg!—The very word puts a man out of countenance, and it is a double kindness to do the thing, and save an honest heart the confusion of a blush.

Let no one be weary of rendering good offices, for by obliging others (if our hearts and affections are as they should be), we are really kind to ourselves. No man was ever a loser by good works ; for though he may not be immediately rewarded, yet, in process of time, some happy emergency or other occurs to convince, him that virtuous men are the darlings of Providence.

He that receives a benefit without being thankful, robs the giver of his just reward. It must be a due reciprocation in virtue that can make the obliger and the obliged worthy.

He who receives a good turn, should never forget it ; he who does one should never remember it.

It is the character of an unworthy nature, to write injuries in marble, and benefits in dust.

The following fact, I think, strongly delineates

neates the image of a noble and generous mind, and may justly be ranked among the beauties of STERNE—So deservedly famed for his humanity, sensibility, and generosity. A friend of this benevolent *Divine* being distressed in finances :—and whom Sterne wished to relieve (for Sterne could not be happy while a *friend* was distressed), but it was not in his power at that time !—Yet,—the *friend* !—a friend must be relieved at all hazards !—“ A friend is sacred !”—Sterne finds no rest till 'tis done. —“ I was” says he, “ obliged to borrow two hundred pounds beyond my own currency, upon the occasion. I had no sufficient security to offer. But Captain Le Fevre happened, luckily, just then, to have sold out of the army—I mortgaged the *story* to him, and he lent me the money.” The friend and Sterne were each relieved—Sterne was the happiest of the two.

Let us be careful that we permit no artificial desires to prevent us of the power, in which we shall ever find real pleasure,—that of relieving distress.

That which is given with pride and ostentation, is rather an ambition than a bounty. Let a benefit be ever so considerable, the manner of conferring it is yet the noblest part.

It is a good rule for every one who has a competency of fortune, to lay aside a certain proportion of his income for pious and charitable uses ; he will then always give easily and cheerfully.

It was well said of him that called a good office that was done harshly, “ a stony piece of bread :” It is necessary for him that is hungry

gry to receive it, but it almost choaks him in the going down.

Alphonso, king of Sicily, being asked, What he would reserve for himself, who gave so much away? Even those things, said he, that I do give, for the rest I esteem as nothing.

It is a much greater kindness not to suffer us to fall, than to lend a hand to help us up, and a greater satisfaction to be kindly received, and obtain nothing, than obtain what we desire, after having been exposed.

Requests cost a reluctancy in nature, fearing to receive the discourtesy of a denial. That which is bestowed too late, is next to not giving.

Monarchs are unhappier than their subjects.—For use makes state familiar, and the fatigue grows every day more irksome.—Has opulence and grandeur then no advantages? None—but the power of doing good. I have often been surprised that so little of this kind of manufacture is ever wrought by princes, when the very rarity of the work might serve to render their names famous to posterity. “And paid a tradesman once, to make him stare.” But away with all ambition, which only affects our names, without improving our natures.—*Sterne*.

Liberality is never so beautiful and engaging as when the hand is concealed that bestows the gift.

A noble lord, who once suffered himself to lose a thousand pounds to a man of modest merit, whom he knew to be greatly necessitated, and to whom he durst not offer it as a gift,

surely did a very laudable action, and in which modesty had no small share.

BOOKS.

All parts of Christendom acknowledge one book, which is called the BIBLE, as the standard of all belief and practice; and though it is called but one book, it is a collection of many, and contains a variety of subjects that need not be enumerated. Wherefore, for those who acknowledge the scriptures to be authentic and divine, and who may want to know the best rules of living, in order to be happy in the next world, and even in this, such persons will find in that *neglected collection* of writings, what will be useful for both these ends, and an agreeableness of style very distinguishing.

Would you see history in all her simplicity, and all her force; most beautifully easy, yet irresistibly striking? See her, or rather feel her energy, touching the nicest movements of the soul, and triumphing over our passions, in the inimitable narrative of Joseph's life.—The representation of Esau's bitter distress; the conversation pieces of Jonathan, and his gallant friend; the memorable journey of the disciples going to Emmaus; are finished models of the impassioned and affecting.—Here is nothing studied, no flights of fancy; no embellishments of oratory, yet, how inferior is the episode of Nisus and Eurialus, though worked up by the most masterly hand in the world, to the undissembled, artless fervency of these scriptural sketches.

Are

Are we pleased with the elevation and dignity of an heroic poem, or the tenderness and perplexity of a dramatic performance? In the book of Job they are both united, and both unequalled—the language glows, and the pathos swells, till at last the Deity himself makes his entrance.

If we sometimes choose a plaintive strain; such as softens the mind and soothes an agreeable melancholy; are any of the ancient tragedies superior, in the eloquence of mourning, to David's pathetic elegy on his beloved Jonathan? to his passionate inconsolable moan, over the lovely but unhappy Absalom? or that melodious woe, which warbles and bleeds in every line of Jeremiah's lamentation? If we want maxims of wisdom, or have a taste for the laconic style, how copiously may our wants be supplied, and how delicately our taste gratified! especially in the book of Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, and some of the minor prophets.

Yet not the more
Cease I to wander, where the muses haunt,
Clear springs or shady groves, or sunny hill,
Smit with the love of sacred song; but chief
Thee *Sion*, and the flow'ry banks beneath,
That wash thy hallowed feet, and warbling flow,
Nightly I visit.

King Alphonso was wont to say, that dead counsellors, meaning his books, were to him far better than living; for they, without flattery or fear, presented to him truth.

There is no end of books. Many libraries are furnished for sight and ostentation, rather

than use; the very indexes not to be read over in an age: and in this multitude, how great a part of them are dangerous, or not worth reading! A few books well chosen, and well made use of, will be more profitable than a great confused Alexandrian library.

Such books as teach sapience and prudence, and serve to eradicate errors and vices, are the most profitable writings in the world, and ought to be valued and studied more than all others whatsoever.

In vain do we look for true and lasting satisfaction in any other books than the holy scriptures, wherein are contained all that is necessary to the happiness of this life, and the life hereafter.

Some will read over, or rather over-read a book, with a view only to find fault, like a venomous spider, extracting a poisonous quality, where the industrious bee sips out a sweet and profitable juice.

A great many people are too fond of books,—as they are of furniture, to dress and set off their rooms, more than to adorn and enrich their minds.

Next to the study of the holy scriptures, it may not be amiss to recommend the reading of a little poetry, properly chosen. The faculty in which *women* most excel (says the admirable—the judicious Mrs. Chapone) is that of imagination—and when properly cultivated, it becomes the source of all that is charming in society.—Nothing you can read will so much contribute to the improvement of this faculty, as *poetry*,—which, if applied to its true ends, adds a thousand charms to those sentiments of religion,

religion, virtue, generosity, and delicate tenderness, by which the human soul is exalted and refined.

Natural philosophy, the study of nature, moral philosophy, &c. are strongly recommended, in an elegant, refined, and sublime style, by the amiable lady above-mentioned: As also the reading of *Spectators*, *Guardians*, *Ramblers*, and *Adventurers*, as particularly useful to young people, &c. Nor would I by any means (she adds) exclude that kind of reading which young people are naturally most fond of; though I think the greatest care should be taken in the choice of those *fictitious stories*, that so enchant the mind; most of which tend to inflame the passions of youth, whilst the chief purpose of *education* should be to moderate and restrain them. There are, however, works of this class, in which excellent morality is joined with the most lively pictures of the human mind, and with all that can entertain the imagination, and instruct the heart.

CHASTITY.

Chastity consists in a fixed abhorrence of all forbidden sensual indulgences, a recollection of past impurities with shame and sorrow; a resolute guard over the thoughts, passions, and actions for the future; a steady abstinence from the most distant approaches of lust and indecency; a lively consciousness of the omnipresence of the Almighty, who sees and knows all our actions, and our most hidden thoughts,

thoughts, and who is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity.

The libertine who builds a name,
On the base ruins of a woman's fame,
Shall own the best of human blessings lie,
In the chaste honours of the nuptial tie.
There dwells the home-felt sweet, the dear
delight,
There peace reposes, and there joys unite.
And female virtue was by heav'n design'd,
To charm, to polish, and to bless mankind.

That chastity is not the only virtue of woman, is most certain; but still it is so essential to the perfection of every other virtue in her, and that the loss, or want of it, like the sin of idolatry among the Israelites, weakens the force, and takes off the merit of them, imprinting such a stain upon the soul, as sullies every emanation of it.

This virtue of chastity, has ever been esteemed so inseparably necessary to every character, particularly the female character, that every civilized people in the world have guarded it with the greatest care.

So dear to heaven is faintly chastity,
That when a soul is found sincerely so;
A thousand livery'd angels lacquey her;
Driving far off each sign of sin and guilt,
And in clear dreams and solemn vision,
Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear,
Till oft converse with heavenly visitants,
Begin

Begin to cast and tear on the outward shape
The unpolluted temple of the mind,
And turn'd it by degrees to the soul's essence,
Till all be made immortal.

The chaste maid, like a polished plane,
may admit soul thoughts, without receiving
their tincture.

Chastity is a purity of thought, word and
action.

CHEARFULNESS.

I look on chearfulness as on the health of
virtue.

Fair as the dawn of light ! auspicious guest ;
Source of all comforts to the human breast !
Depriv'd of thee, in sad despair we moan,
And tedious roll the heavy moments on.

Chearfulness, even to gaiety, is consistent
with every species of virtue and practice of
religion.—I think it inconsistent only with
impiety or vice.—The ways of heaven are
pleasantness. We adore, we praise, we thank
the Almighty, in hymns, in songs, in an-
thems—and those set to music too. Let '*O !
be joyful,*' be the Christian's psalm—and leave
the sad Indian to incant the devil with tears
and screeches. It is this true sense of religion
that has rendered my whole life so chearful as
it has ever so remarkably been—to the great
offence of your religionists. Though why,
prithee, should priests be always so grave ?
Is it so sad a thing to be a parson ?

Be

Be ye as one of these, saith the Lord,—that is, as merry as little children. The Lord loveth a chearful giver—and why not a chearful taker also? Plato and Seneca—and surely they were wise enough to have been consecrated—thought that a sense of chearfulness and joy should ever be encouraged in children, from their infancy—not only on account of their healths, but as productive of true virtue.

COMPASSION.

It is certainly, methinks, a sort of enlargement of our very selves, when we enter into the ideas, sensations, and concerns of our brethren; by this force of their make, men are insensibly hurried into each other; and by a secret charm we lament the unfortunate, and rejoice with the glad; for it surely is not possible for the human heart to be averse to any thing that is humane; but by the very mien and gesture of the joyful and distressed, we rise and fall into their condition; and since joy is communicative, it is reasonable that grief should be contagious, both which are felt and seen at a look, for one man's eyes are spectacles to another to read his heart. Those useful and honest instruments do not only discover objects to us, but make ourselves also transparent; for they, in spite of dissimulation, when the heart is full, will brighten into gladness, or gush into tears; from this foundation in nature, is kindled that noble spark of celestial fire, we call charity or compassion, which opens our bosoms, and extends our arms to embrace all mankind; and by this it
is

is that the amorous man is not more suddenly melted with beauty, than the compassionate man with misery.

AH ! little think the gay licentious proud,
Whom pleasure, power, and affluence surround ;
They, who their thoughtless hours in giddy mirth,
And wanton, often cruel, riot waste ;
Ah ! little think they while they dance along,
How many feel this very moment, death,
And all the sad variety of pain.—

How many sink in the devouring flood,
Or more devouring flame. How many bleed,
By shameful variance betwixt man and man—
How many pine in want and dungeon glooms ;
Shut from the common air, and common use
Of their own limbs. How many drink the cup
Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread
Of misery—Sore pierc'd by wintry winds,
How many shrink into the sordid hut
Of cheerless poverty. How many shake
With all the fiercer tortures of the mind,
Unbounded passion, madness, guilt, remorse,
Whence, tumbled headlong from the heights of
They furnish matter for the tragic muse ! [life,
Even in the vale where wisdom loves to dwell,
With friendship, peace, and contemplation join'd,
How many, rack'd with honest passions, droop
In deep retir'd distress ! How many stand
Around the death-bed of their dearest friends,
And point the parting anguish. Think, fond man,
Of these, and all the thousand nameless ills,

That

That one incessant struggle, render life,
 One scene of toil, of suffering, and of fate.
 Vice, in his high career, would stand appall'd,
 And heedless, rambling impulse learn to think ;
 The conscious heart of charity would warm,
 And its wide wish Benevolence dilate ;
 The social tear would rise, the social sigh ;
 And into clear perfection, gradual bliss,
 Refining still, the social passions work.

By compassion we make others' misery our own ; and by relieving them, we at the same time relieve ourselves.

Some, who are reduced to the last extremity, would rather perish, than expose their condition to any, save the great and noble minded. They esteem such to be wise men, generous, and considerate of the accidents which commonly befall us. They think, to those they can freely unbosom themselves, and tell their wants, without the hazard of a reproach, which wounds more deeply than a short denial.

To wipe the tears from all afflicted eyes,
 Our wills may covet, but our power denies.

Cyrus the first emperor of Persia, obtained a victory over the Assyrians, and after the battle, was so sensibly touched with seeing the field covered with dead bodies, that he ordered the same care to be taken of the wounded Assyrians, as of his own soldiers ; saying they are all men as well as we, and are no longer enemies, when once they are vanquished.

True

True benevolence, or compassion, extends itself through the whole of existence, and sympathizes with the distresses of every creature capable of sensation. Little minds may be apt to consider compassion of this kind, as an instance of weakness; but it is undoubtedly the evidence of a noble nature. Homer thought it not unbecoming the character of a hero, to melt into tears at a distress of this sort, and has given us a most amiable and affectionate picture of Ulysses, weeping over his favourite Argus, when he expires at his feet.

Soft pity touch'd the mighty masters's soul,
Adown his cheek the tear unbidden stole;
Stole—unperceiv'd he turn'd his head and dried
The drop humane.

But,
——The soft tear in pity's eye
Outshines the diamonds brightest beams.

It is better to go to the house of mourning, than to the house of feasting, says Solomon. Let us go into the house of mourning, made so, by such afflictions as have been brought on, merely by the common cross accidents and disasters, to which our condition is exposed—when perhaps—the aged parents sit, broken hearted, pierced to the soul with the folly and indiscretion of a thankless child—the child of their prayers, in whom all their hopes and expectations centered:—perhaps a more affecting scene—a virtuous family lying pinched with want, where the unfortunate support of it, having long struggled with a train of misfor-

D

tunes,

tunes, and bravely fought up against them—is now piteously borne down at last—overwhelmed with a cruel blow which no forecast or frugality could have prevented.—O God! look upon his afflictions.—Behold him distracted with many sorrows, surrounded with the tender pledges of his love, and the partner of his cares; without bread to give them—unable, from the remembrance of better days, to dig;—to beg, ashamed. When we enter the house of mourning such as this—it is impossible to insult the unfortunate, even with an improper look. Under what levity and dissipation of heart such objects catch our eyes—they catch likewise our attentions, collect and call home our scattered thoughts, and exercise them with wisdom. A transient scene of distress such as is here sketched, how soon does it furnish materials to set the mind at work, how necessarily does it engage it to the consideration of the miseries and misfortunes, the dangers and calamities, to which the life of man is subject! By holding up such a glass before it, it forces the mind to see and reflect upon the vanity,—the perishing condition, and uncertain tenure of every thing in this world. Or behold a still more affecting spectacle—a kind indulgent father of a numerous family lies breathless, snatched away in the strength of his age—torn in an evil hour from his children, and the bosom of a disconsolate wife! Behold much people of the city gathered together, to mix their tears, with settled sorrow in their looks, going heavily along to the house of mourning, to perform the last sad office, which, when the debt of nature is paid, we are called upon to pay each other!

other ! In this melancholy mansion,—see how the light and easy heart, which never knew what it was to think before, how pensive it is now ! how soft, how susceptible, how full of religious impressions ! how deeply is it smitten with a sense, and with a love of virtue ! Without this end, sorrow, I own, has no use, but to shorten our days.

Let any one who is conversant in the vanity of human life reflect upon it, and he will find, the man who wants mercy, has a taste for no other enjoyment of any kind : There is a natural disrelish of every thing which is good in his very nature, and he is born an enemy to the world, he is ever extremely partial to himself, in all his actions, and has no sense of iniquity but from the punishment which shall attend it : The law of the land is his gospel ; and all his cases of conscience are determined by his attorney : Such men know not what it is to gladden the heart of the miserable.

How shocking to humanity, to see the picture of religion besmeared with superstition, justice blooded with cruelty.

I will not attempt to account for those compassionate sentiments we feel for distress, or that indignation which is excited by the appearance of oppression ; but I will maintain, that they are the distinguishing honours of human nature ; and what philosopher will be such an enemy to society, as to assert the contrary ?

One should not destroy an insect, one should not quarrel with a dog, without a reason sufficient to vindicate one through all the courts of morality.

Compassion was not impressed upon the human heart, only to adorn the fair face with tears, and to give an agreeable langour to the eyes—it was designed to excite our utmost endeavours to relieve the sufferer.—Yet, how often have I heard that selfish weakness, which flies from the sight of distress, dignified with the name of tenderness!—"My friend is, I hear, in the deepest affliction, and misery.—I have not seen her,—for indeed I cannot bear such scenes—they affect me too much—those who have less sensibility are fitter for this world—but, for my part, I own, I am not able to support such things.—I shall not attempt to visit her, till I hear she has recovered her spirits."—This have I heard, with an air of complaisance, and the poor selfish creature has persuaded herself, that she had finer feelings than those generous friends, who were sitting patiently in the house of mourning—waiting in silence the proper moment to pour in the balm of comfort,—who suppressed their own sensations, and attended to those of the afflicted person,—and whose tears flowed in secret, while their eyes and voice were taught to enliven the sinking heart with the appearance of cheerfulness.

He, who looks upon the misfortunes of others with indifference, ought not to be surprised if they behold his without compassion.

COMPANY,

COMPANY.

(VIDE CONVERSATION.)

Be very circumspect in the choice of your company ; in the society of your equals you may enjoy pleasure ; in the society of your superiors, you may find profit ; but to be the best in company, is to be in the way of growing worse ; the best means to improve, is, to be the least there. But above all, be the companion of those who fear the Lord, and keep his precepts.

Numa Pompilius thought the company of good men so real a pleasure, that he esteemed it preferable to a diadem. And when the Roman ambassadors solicited him to accept of the government, he frankly declared, among other reasons for declining it, the conversation of men, who assemble together to worship God, and to maintain an amiable charity, was his business and delight.

It often happens in company, as in apothecaries' shops, that those pots which are empty, are as gaudily dressed and flourished, as those that are full.

The life of all life is society ; of society, freedom ; of freedom, the discreet and moderate use of it.

From ill air we take diseases ; from ill company, vices and imperfections. The best knowledge of behaviour is, observing decency. Complaisance renders a superior amiable, an equal agreeable, and an inferior acceptable.

D 3

A man

A man without complaisance ought to have much merit in the room of it.

A well bred man, says Montaigne, is always sociable and complaisant.

He that is not so exact as to please, should at least be so affable as not to disoblige.

It is best mourning when alone, and best rejoicing when in company.

Criticise upon nothing more than your own actions, and you will soon see reason enough to pardon the weakness of others.

No persons are more empty, than those who are full of themselves.

Conversation can only consist in *good company*: to explain the word:—Subtract the impertinently talkative, the contemptuously silent, the illiterate, and the ill bred; banish pedantry, affectation, and rudeness, the remainder is *good company*: a set of people of liberal sentiments, solid sense, and just imagination, whose wit is untinged with indelicacy, and their politeness clear of flattery. That person alone is fit for conversation, who is free of the extremes of pride and of meanness; never unseasonably talkative or mute, and has the faculty ever to entertain, or, at least, never to offend his *company*.

CONSCIENCE.

Conscience distasteful truths may tell;
But mark her sacred dictates well;
Whoever with her lives at strife,
Loses their better friend for life.

Conscience is a high and awful power, it is
next

next and immediately under God, our judge; the voice of conscience is the voice of God; what it bindeth or looseneth, is accordingly bound or loosened in heaven, 1 John iii. 21. The greatest deference and precise obedience is due to its command. Its consolations are, of all, the most sweet; and its condemnations the most terrible.

Wherever you go, conscience accompanies you, whatever you say, do, or but think, it registers and records in order to the day of account; when all friends forsake you, when even your soul forsakes your body, conscience will not, cannot forsake you; when your body is weakest and dullest, your conscience is then most vigorous and active. Never more life in the conscience than when death makes its nearest approach to the body. When it smiles, cheers, acquits, and comforts, O what a heaven doth it create within; and when it frowns, condemns, and terrifies, how are our pleasures, joys, and delights of this world clouded, and even benighted! 'tis certainly the best of friends, or the worst of enemies in the whole creation.

He that commits a sin shall quickly find
The pressing guilt lie heavy on his mind;
Tho' bribes or favours should assert his cause,
Pronounce him guiltless and elude the laws;
None quits himself, his own impartial thought
Will damn; and conscience will record the fault.

There is no true felicity, but in a clear and open conscience, and those are the happy conversations, where only such things are spoken
and

and heard, as we can reflect upon after with satisfaction, free from any shame, or mixture of repentance. A storm in the conscience, will always lodge clouds in the countenance.

When we are touch'd with some important ill,
How vainly silence would our grief conceal,
Sorrow nor joy can be disguis'd by art,
Our foreheads blab the secrets of our heart.

Conscience, what art thou? thou mysterious pow'r
That dost inhabit us without our leave,
And art within ourselves another self,
A master self, that loves to domineer:
And treat the monarch frankly as the slave;
How dost thou light a torch to distant deeds,
Make the past, present, and the future frown:
How, ever and anon, awake the soul,
As with a peal of thunder, to strange horrors!

A good conscience is to the soul what health is to the body. It preserves a constant ease and serenity within us, and more than countervails all the calamities and afflictions that can befall us.

No line holds the anchor of contentment so fast as a good conscience. This cable is so strong and compact, that when force is offered to it, the straining rather strengthens, by uniting the parts more close.

It fareth with men of an evil conscience, when they must die, as it does with riotous spendthrifts, when they must pay their debts; they will not come to an account, for the distrust

trust they have of their ability to satisfy for what they have done.

Most men fear a bad name, but few fear their consciences.

No man ever offended his own conscience, but first or last it was revenged upon him for it.

Conscience is the gift of the Almighty : That moral inspector is not more severe as an enemy, than kind as a friend ; was it not this that supported the sufferer of Uzz, and was he not animated by the suffrage of conscience, when he wished that man might be permitted to plead his cause with God.

—— He lives twice who can at once employ
The present well, and e'en the past enjoy.

A regular life is the best philosophy ; a pure conscience the best law.

CONTENTMENT.

Contentment is natural wealth, luxury is artificial poverty, and no man has more care that he who endeavours after the most riches, which in their language is endeavouring after the most happiness.

The utmost we can hope for in this world is contentment, if we aim at any thing higher, we shall meet with nothing but grief and disappointment.

We should direct all our studies and endeavours, at making ourselves easy now and happy hereafter.

A con-

A contented mind is the greatest blessing any one can enjoy in this life ; and if, in this life, our happiness arise from the subduing of our desires, it will arise in the next from the gratification of them.

Is happiness your point in view ?
 (I mean th' intrinsic and the true ;)
 She nor in camps nor courts resides,
 Nor in the humble cottage hides ;
 Yet found alike in every sphere ;
 Who finds content will find her there :
 'Tis to no rank of life confin'd,
 But dwells in ev'ry honest mind.
 Be justice then your whole pursuit,
 Plant virtue, and content 's the fruit.

The way of virtue is the only way to felicity.

If you can but live free from want, care for no more, for the rest is but vanity.

Our pains should be to moderate our hopes and fears ; to direct and regulate our passions ; to bear all injuries of fortune or men ; and to attain the art of contentment.

To be in a low condition, and contented, affords the mind an excellent enjoyment of what the senses are robbed of. If, therefore, thou wouldst be happy, bring thy mind to thy condition.

What can he want who is already content ; who lives within the limits of his circumstances, and who has said to his desires, " Thus far shall ye go, and no farther ? " This is the
 end.

end of all philosophy, and poor is the philosopher who has not gained that end.

Where dwells this peace, this freedom of the mind?
 Where, but in shades remote from human kind:
 In flow'ry vales, where nymphs and shepherds
 But never comes within the palace gate. [meet,
 Far from the noisy follies of the great,
 The tiresome force of ceremonious state;
 Far from the thoughtless crowd who laugh and }
 And dance and sing impertinently gay, [play, }
 Their short inestimable hours away.

To communicate happiness is worthy the ambition of beings superior to man; for it is the first principle of action with the author of all existence.—It is God that taught it as a virtue—It is God that gives the example.

On God for all events depend,
 You cannot want when God's your friend.
 Weigh well your part, and do your best,
 Leave to Omnipotence the rest.
 To Him who form'd thee in the womb,
 And guides from cradle to the tomb.
 Can the fond mother slight her boy?
 Can she forget her prattling joy?
 Say then, shall sov'reign love desert
 The humble and the honest heart?
 Heav'n may not grant thee all thy mind,
 Yet say not thou, that Heav'n's unkind.
 God is alike both good and wise,
 In what he gives, and what denies:

Perhaps

Perhaps what goodness gives to-day,
To-morrow goodness takes away.

He that from dust of worldly tumult flies,
May boldly open his undazzled eyes,
To read wise nature's book ; and with delight
Survey the plants by day, the stars by night.
We need not travel seeking ways of bliss ;
He that desires contentment cannot miss ;
No garden walls this precious flow'r embrace,
It common grows in every desert place.

CONVERSATION.

It is highly requisite to avoid too much familiarity in conversation. It is an old English adage, "*too much familiarity breeds contempt ;*" so he that familiarizes himself, presently loses his superiority, that his serious air and good deportment gave him ; and consequently his credit. The more common human things are, the less they are esteemed ; for communication discovers imperfections that a prudent reserve concealed. We must not be too familiar with superiors, because of danger ; nor with inferiors, by reason of indecency ; and far less with mean people, whom ignorance renders insolent ; for, being insensible of the *honours* done them, they presume it is their due.

In your discourse be cautious what you speak, and to whom you speak ; how you speak, and when you speak ; and what you speak, speak wisely, speak truly. A fool's heart is in his tongue, but a wise man's tongue is in his heart.

Plutarch

Let all your conversation with men be sober and sincere; your devotion to God, dutiful and decent; let the one be hearty and not haughty; let the other be humble, but not homely. So live with men as if God saw you; so pray to God, as if men heard you.

Our conversation should be such, that youth may find therein improvement, women modesty, the aged respect, and all men civility.

Controversies, for the most part, leave truth in the middle, and are factious at both ends.

Speak always according to your conscience, but let it be done in terms of good nature, civility, and good manners.

As men of sense say much in a few words,
so the half-witted have a talent of talking much,
and yet say nothing.

Some men are flint for want of matter, or
 Assurance ;

assurance; and again some are talkative for want of sense.

Modesty in your discourse will give a lustre to truth, and an excuse to your errors.

Much tongue and much judgment seldom go together, for talking and thinking are two quite different faculties, and there is commonly more depth where there is much less noise.

Buffoonery and scurrility are the corrupters of wit, as knavery is of wisdom. Some are so black in the mouth, as to utter scarce any thing that is decent; supplying want of sense with want of modesty, and want of reputation with want of shame.

It is a fair step towards happiness and virtue, to delight in the conversation of good and wise men; and where that cannot be had, the next point is to keep no company at all.

Discretion of speech is more than eloquence; and to speak agreeably, is more than to speak in exact order.

The value of things are not in their size, but quality; and so of reason, which wrapped in few words, hath the greater weight.

A man may contemplate on virtue in solitude and retirement; but the practical part consists in its participation, and the society it hath with others; for whatever is good, is the better for being communicable.

The talent of turning men into ridicule, and exposing those we converse with, is the qualification of little, ungenerous tempers.

In disputes, men should give soft words, and hard arguments; they should not so much strive to vex, as to convince an enemy.

Wherever

Wherever the speech is corrupted, so is the mind.

In heat of argument, men are commonly as though they were tied back to back, close joined, and yet they cannot see each other.

Familiar conversation ought to be the school of learning and good breeding. A man ought to make his masters of his friends, seasoning the pleasure of converse, with the profit of instruction.

Pleasure given in society, like money lent to usury, returns with interest to those who disperse it.

Modesty should be distinguished from an awkward bashfulness, and silence should only be enjoined, when it would be froward and impertinent to talk; if you speak without conceit or affectation, you will always be more pleasing than those who sit like statues, without sense or motion. When you are silent, your looks should shew your attention and presence to the company. You must appear to be interested in what is said, and endeavour to improve yourself by it.

Conversation may be divided into two classes—the familiar and the sentimental.

It is the province of the familiar, to diffuse cheerfulness and ease—to open the heart of man, and to beam a temperate sunshine upon the mind.

Nature and art must conspire to render us susceptible of the charms, and to qualify us for the practice of the second class of conversation, here termed sentimental.

To good sense, lively feeling, and natural delicacy of taste, must be united an expansion

of mind, and refinement of thought, which is the result of high cultivation. To render this sort of conversation irresistibly attractive, a knowledge of the world is requisite, and that enchanting ease, that elegance of manner, which is to be acquired only by frequenting the higher circles of polished life. In sentimental conversation, subjects interesting to the heart, and to the imagination, are brought forward; they are discussed in a kind of sportive way, with animation and refinement, and are never continued longer than politeness allows. Here fancy flourishes,—the sensibilities expand,—and wit, guided by delicacy, and embellished by taste—points to the heart.

COVETOUSNESS.

Let the fruition of things bless the possession, and think it more satisfaction to live richly, than to die rich; for since your good works, not your *goods*, will follow you; since wealth is an appurtenance of life, and no dead man rich, to famish in plenty, and live poorly, to die rich, were but a multiplying in madness, and use upon use in folly.

Covetousness never judges any thing unlawful, that is gainful.

Hence almost every crime, nor do we find
That any passion of the human mind,
So oft has plung'd the soul, or drench'd the bowl,
As avarice,—that tyrant of the soul:
For he that would be rich, brooks no delay,
But drives o'er all, and takes the shortest way:

What

What law, or fear, or shame, can e'er restrain
The greedy wretch in full pursuit of gain ?

It is almost a wonder that covetousness, even in spite of itself, does not at the same time argue a man into charity, by its own principle of looking forwards, and the firm expectation it would delight in, of receiving its own again with usury.

Oh ! impudence of wealth ! with all thy store,
How dar'st thou let one worthy man be poor ?

It is a much easier task to dig metal out of its native mine, than to get it out of the covetous man's coffer. Death only has the key of the miser's chest. A miser, if honest, can be only honest bare-weight.

If wealth alone can make or keep us blest,
Still, still be getting, never, never rest.

Conscience and covetousness are never to be reconciled ; like fire and water, they always destroy each other, according to the predominancy of either.

The only gratification a covetous man gives his neighbours, is, to let them see that he himself is as little the better for what he has, as they are.

Avarice is the most opposite of all characters to that of God Almighty, whose alone it is, to give and not receive.

A miser grows rich by seeming poor ; an extravagant man grows poor by seeming rich.

COURAGE.

All true courage is derived from virtue, and honour from integrity.

If you desire to be magnanimous, undertake nothing rashly, and fear nothing you undertake: fear nothing but infamy; dare any thing but injury. The measure of magnanimity is to be neither rash nor timorous; for magnanimity or true courage, which is an essential character in a soldier, is not a savage, ferocious violence—not a fool-hardy insensibility of danger, or head-strong rashness to run into it; nor the fury of inflamed passions, broke loose from the government of reason—but a calm, deliberate, rational courage; a steady, judicious, thoughtful fortitude; the courage of a man, and not that of a tiger.

Let us appear, nor rash, nor indifferent,
Inmoderate valour swells into a fault;
And fear admitted into public councils,
Betrays like treason. Shun them both.

Courage certainly is of no sex, but a faculty of the soul; and however custom may depress, or discourage it in females, it certainly belongs to human nature in general. If men possess a more determined courage in perils, which they foresee, women are allowed to be blessed with a superior presence of mind in sudden dangers; and, perhaps, the latter is one of the most distinguishing characteristics of true courage.

Presence

Presence of mind, and courage in distress,
Are more than armies to procure success.
True courage but from opposition grows,
But what are fifty, what a thousand slaves,
Match'd to the sinew of a single arm,
That strikes for liberty?

CHARITY.

Charity makes the best construction of things and persons, excuses weakneses, extenuates miscarriages, makes the best of every thing, forgives every one, and serves all.

In order to our final doom and sentence, we need but this one enquiry, whether we were charitable or uncharitable? For they who are possessed with a true divine charity, have all Christian graces. They who have not this divine principle, have no good in them, and that is enough to condemn them, without enquiring what evil they have done.

When a compassionate man falls, who would not pity him! Who that has power to do it, would not befriend and raise him up? Or could the most barbarous temper offer an insult to his distress, without pain and reluctance? True charity is always willing to find excuses: in generous spirits, compassion is sometimes an over-balance for self-preservation: God certainly interwove that friendly softness in our nature, to be a check upon too great a propensity towards self-love.

Under the gospel, God is pleased with a living sacrifice; but the offerings of the dead, such as testamentary charities are, which are
intended

intended to have no effect so long as we live, are no better than dead sacrifices; and it may be questioned, whether they will be brought into the account of our lives, if we do no good while living. These death-bed charities, are too like a death-bed repentance; men seem to give their estates to God and the poor, just as they part with their sins—when they can keep them no longer.

Charity obliges us not to distrust a man. Prudence not to trust him before we know him.

The first duty of man, next to that of worshipping the Deity, is, ministering to the necessities of his fellow creatures.

Are we not all citizens of the world? Are we not all fellow subjects of the universal monarch? Is not the universe our home? And is not every man a brother? Poor and illiberal is that charity which is confined to any particular nation or society.—Should we not *feel for the stranger, and him that hath no helper?*

He who is charitable from motives of ostentation, will not relieve distress in secret.

For farther thoughts on, or inducements to this virtue, I refer my readers to Spectator, 3d vol. No. 177.

DEATH.

Prepare to part with life willingly; study more how to die than to live; if you would live till you were old, live as if you were to die when you are young. In some cases it requires more courage to live than to die.—

He

He that is not prepared for death, shall be perpetually troubled, as well with vain apprehensions, as with real dangers ; but the important point is, to secure a well grounded hope of a blessed immortality. When the good Musculus drew near his death, how sweet and pleasant was this meditation of his soul.

Cold death my heart invades, my life doth fly,
 O *Christ*, my everlasting life, draw nigh :
 Why quiv'rest thou, my soul, within my breast ?
 Thine angel's come, to lead thee to thy rest.
 Quit chearfully this drooping house of clay ;
 God will restore it in th' appointed day.
 Hast sinn'd ? I know it, let not that be urg'd,
 For *Christ* thy sins with his own blood hath purg'd.
 Is death affrighting ? true, but yet withal,
 Consider *Christ* thro' death to life doth call.
 He triumph'd over Satan, sin, and death,
 Therefore with joy resign thy dying breath.

Destiny has decreed all men to die ; but to die well, is the particular privilege of the virtuous and the good.

As there is no covenant to be made with death, no agreement for the arrest and stay of time ; it keeps its pace whether we redeem and use it well or not.

He that hath given God his worship, and man his due, is entertained with comfortable presages, wears off smoothly, and expires in pleasure.

Death is no more than a turning us over from time to eternity. It leads to immortality, and that is recompense enough for suffering it.

Death

Death is the crown of life, were death denied,
Poor man had liv'd in vain.

The way to bring ourselves, with ease, to a contempt of this world, is to think daily of leaving it. They who die well, have lived long enough; as soon as death enters upon the stage, the tragedy of life is done. There are a great many miseries which nothing but death can give relief to. This puts an end to the sorrows of the afflicted and distressed. It sets prisoners at liberty; it dries up the tears of the widows and fatherless; it eases the complaints of the hungry and naked; it tames the proudest tyrants, and puts an end to all our labours: And the contemplation on it, supports men under their present adversities, especially when they have a prospect of a better life after this.

Learn to live well, that thou may'st die so too;
To live and die is all we have to do.

Have we so often seen ourselves die in our friends, and shall we shrink at our own change? Hath our Maker sent for us, and are we loth to go? It was for us our Saviour triumphed over death. Is there then any fear of a foiled adversary?

The grave lies between us and the object we reach after. Where one lives to enjoy whatever he has in view, ten thousand are cut off in the pursuit of it.

Many are the shapes of Death,
And many are the ways that lead

To his grim cave ; all dismal ! yet to the sense
More terrible at the entrance than within.

All our knowledge, our employments, our riches, and our honours, must end in death ; so that we must seek a sanctuary of happiness some where else.

When the scene of life is shut up, the slave will be above his master, if he has acted a better part ; thus nature and condition are once more brought to a balance.

How poor will power, wealth, honour, fame, and titles seem at our last hour ? and how joyful will that man be, who hath led an honest, virtuous life, and travelled to heaven, though through the roughest ways of poverty, affliction and contempt.

That life is long, which answers life's great end.
One eye on death, and one full fix'd on heav'n,
Becomes a mortal, and immortal man.

The young man may die shortly, but the aged cannot live long. Green fruit may be plucked off, or shaken down ; but the ripe will fall of itself.

Death is the privilege of human nature,
For ever changing, unperceiv'd the change.

Our lives are ever in the power of death.

I was wonderfully affected (says a worthy *Christian*) with a discourse I had lately with a clergyman of my acquaintance upon this head, which was to this effect : The consideration
(laid

(said the good man) that my being is precarious, moved me many years ago, to make a resolution, which I have diligently kept, and to which I owe the greatest satisfaction that mortal man can enjoy. Every night before I address myself to my Creator, I lay my hand upon my heart, and ask myself, whether, if God should require my soul of me this night, I could hope for mercy from him. The bitter agonies I underwent in this my first acquaintance with myself, were so far from throwing me into despair of that mercy which is over all God's works, that it proved motives of greater circumspection in my future conduct. The oftener I exercised myself in meditations of this kind, the less was my anxiety; and by making the thoughts of death familiar, what was at first so terrible and shocking, is now become the sweetest of my enjoyments. These contemplations have indeed made me serious, but not sullen; nay, they are so far from having soured my temper, that I have a mind perfectly composed, and a secret spring of joy in my heart;—I taste all the innocent satisfactions of life pure, as I have no share in pleasures that leave a sting behind them.

———Man but dives in death,
Dives from the sun, in fairer day to rise;
The grave his subterranean road to bliss.

Death is only terrible to us as a change of state.—Let us then live so, as to make it only a continuation of it, by the uniform practice of charity, benevolence, and religion,

gion, which are to be the exercises of the next life.

Fond foolish man would fain these thoughts decline,
And lose them in his business, sports, and wine ;
But *canst* thou lose them ? Se'st thou not each hour,
Age drop like autumn leaves, youth like a flow'r
Cut down ; do coffins, graves, and tolling bells,
Warn thee in vain ?—In palaces and cells,
The heights of life above, the vales beneath,
In towns and fields, we ev'ry where meet death.

In death's uncertainty thy danger lies.

As the tree falls so must it lie ; as death
leaves us judgment will find us. If so, how
importunate should every one of us be to se-
cure the favour of the Almighty Judge, to be
interested in the Redeemer's love, and among
the number of his chosen people, before it is
too late.

Be like a sentinel, keep on your guard,
All eye, all ear, all expectation of
The coming foe.

In the death of others we may see our own
mortality, and be taught to live more and more
in the daily expectation of, and preparation
for that awful hour, to which we are all haf-
tening as fast as the wings of time can carry
us : Seek then an interest in the blessed Re-
deemer.

Our birth is nothing but our death begun,
As tapers waste that instant they take fire.

Death is the end of fear and beginning of felicity. Death is the law of nature, the tribute of the flesh, the remedy of evils, and the path either to heavenly felicity, or eternal misery.

Eternity, that boundless race,
Which time himself can never run—
(Swift as he flies, with an unwearied pace :)
Which when ten thousand thousand years are
done,
Is still the same, and still to be begun.

We always dream ; the life of man's a dream,
In which fresh tumults agitate his breast ;
Till the kind hand of death unlocks the chain,
Which clogs the noble and aspiring soul,
And then we truly live.

EDUCATION.

Let holy discipline clear the soil, let sacred instruction sow it with the best of seed ; let skill and vigilance dress the rising shoots, direct the young idea how to spread ; the wayward passions how to move.—Then what a different state of the inner man will quickly take place ! Charity will breathe her sweets, and Hope expand her blossoms ; the personal virtues display their graces, and the social ones their fruits : the sentiments become generous ;
the

the carriage endearing; and the life honourable and useful.

Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot,
To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind.
To breathe th' enliv'ning spirit, and to fix
The gen'rous purpose in the glowing breast.

Posterity wisely regulates the rewards due to men of learning, and equals them to the greatest princes: Three thousand years after their death, their honour is not tarnished by that of the greatest heroes. Homer is as well known as Achilles. The able historian, the famous poet, the great—the pious and ingenious philosopher have an advantage over the conqueror and the general. Twenty centuries after they are dead and rotten they speak with as much eloquence and vivacity as when living; and all that read their writings perceive their genius. The heroes who have rendered themselves famous by their actions have not near such an ascendant over our hearts; for he, at one and the same instant, persuades, engages, and captivates the heart of one man shut up in his closet at Stockholm, and of another that lives in the middle of Paris, London, &c. &c. Heroes are infinitely obliged to poets and historians, but the latter are seldom obliged to the former. Achilles owes part of his glory to Homer. If there had been no historians, it scarce would have been known that there ever was such a man as Alexander, &c. &c. &c.

Education is the ruling motive in most of
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the actions of mankind: they are more or less cultivated in their youth. When they have been taught early to render themselves sociable, to bend their tempers, and to accommodate their wills to those of others, it grows into a custom, and they become insensibly complaisant, without thinking of being so. In short, habit is to them a second nature.

We should justly consider religion as the most essential necessary qualification; at the same time children should be fitted for an appearance becoming their station in the world. Many are apt to disjoin the ideas of piety and politeness; but true religion is not only consistent with, but *necessary* to the perfection of true politeness.

The end of learning is to know God, and, in consequence of that knowledge, to love him, and to imitate him, as we may the nearer, by possessing ourselves of virtue.

What sculpture is to a block of marble, education is to the human soul. The philosopher, the saint, the hero, the wise, the good, or the great man, very often lie hid and concealed in a plebeian; which a proper education might have disinterred, and brought to light.

The educator's care should be, above all things, to lay in his charge the foundation of religion and virtue.

Parents are more careful to bestow wit on their children, than virtue; the art of speaking well, rather than doing well; but their morals ought to be their greatest concern.

An industrious and virtuous education of children is a better inheritance for them than
a great

a great estate. To what purpose is it, said Crates, to heap up estates, and have no care what kind of heirs they leave them to?

The highest learning is to be wise, and the greatest wisdom to be good.

The great business of man is, to improve his mind, and govern his manners.

Excess of ceremony shews want of breeding. That civility is best, which excludes all superfluous formality.

True philosophy, says Plato, consists more in fidelity, constancy, justice, sincerity, and in the love of our duty, than in a great capacity.

If our painful perigrinations in studies be destitute of the supreme light, it is nothing else but a miserable kind of wandering.

The mind ought sometimes to be diverted, that it may turn to thinking the better.

Learning is the dictionary, but sense the grammar of science. Poetry is inspiration—it was breathed into the soul when it was first quickened, and should neither be stiled art nor science, but genius.

Great men are always reserved and modest, and being content with meriting praise, do not endeavour to court it; and for this they are the more praise-worthy, because if vanity is pardonable, it is in the man who deserves those shining compliments, which are so becoming to many learned men. 'Tis said, that Racine was a whole year in composing his tragedy of Phædra, the master-piece of the theatre, and before he committed it to the stage, consulted his friends a long time, corrected several passages by their advice, and

waited for the success of his performance before he would presume to pronounce it a good one. Prado wrote the same in a month's time; gave it out boldly to be acted; and assured the public it was an excellent piece. But it happened to him as it often does to all half-witted authors; his works quickly went to the chandlers shops, whereas Racine's will reach to the latest posterity.

Great talents, such as honour, virtue, learning, and parts, are above the generality of the world, who neither possess them themselves, nor judge of them rightly in others: But all people are judges of the lesser talents, such as civility, affability, and an obliging, agreeable address and manner: Because they feel the good effects of them, as making society easy and pleasing.

Almost all the advantages or miscarriages of our lives depend, in a great measure; on our education. Therefore it is greatly the duty of all who have in *any* way the inspection of this important affair, by every means possible, to win young minds to improvement; to the end that good parts may not take an evil turn, nor indifferent ones be lost for want of industrious cultivation.

Education, when it works upon an ingenious mind, brings out to view every latent perfection; which without such helps are never able to make their appearance. And, if we take the trouble to look round, we shall find very few, to whom nature has been such a niggard of her gifts, that they are not capable of shining in one sphere of science or another: Since then there is a certain bias towards knowledge,

Knowledge, in almost every mind, which may be strengthened and improved by proper care: sure parents and others should consider, that, in the neglect of so essential a point, they do not commit a private injury only, as thereby they starve posterity, and defraud our country of those persons, who, under better management, might perhaps make an eminent figure.

Indeed the difference in the manners and abilities of men proceeds more from education, than from any imperfections or advantages derived from their original formation.

Youth moreover is the proper and only season for education; if it be neglected then, it will surely be in vain to think of remedying the oversight in more advanced years; it will be too late to think of sowing it, when maturity has rendered the mind stubborn and inflexible; and when, instead of receiving the seeds, it should be bringing forth the fruits of instruction.

But there is one point in the article of education, which is more difficult than any of the rest: I mean the great care that ought to be taken to form youth to the principles of religion. Vice, if we may believe the general complaint, grows so malignant now-a-days, that it is almost impossible to keep young people from the spreading contagion; if we venture them abroad, and trust to chance or inclination for the choice of their company: It is therefore virtue and a perfect sense of their duty to God, which is the great and valuable thing to be taught them. All other considerations and accomplishments should give way, and be postponed, to these; these are the solid
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and substantial good we should labour to implant and fasten on their minds, neither should we cease till they have attained a true relish of them, and placed their strength, their glory, and their *pleasure in them*.

It is also of the first consequence in training up youths of both sexes, that they be early inspired with humanity, and particularly that its principles be implanted strongly in their yet tender hearts, to guard them against inflicting wanton pain on those animals, which use or accident may occasionally put into their power.

ENVY.

Take heed you harbour not that vice called Envy, lest another's happiness be your torment; and God's blessing become your curse. —Spencer, in his *Fairy Queen*, gives the following description of Envy.

—————Malicious Envy rode
Upon a venemous wolf, and still did chew
Between his canker'd teeth a ven'mous toad,
That all the poison ran about his jaw :
But inwardly he chew'd his own maw
At neighbour's wealth, that made him ever sad :
For death it was, when any good he saw,
And wept, that cause of weeping none he had ;
But when he heard of harm he waxed wond'rous
glad.
He hated all good works, and virtuous deeds,
And him no less that any like did use ;

And

And who with gracious bread the hungry feeds,
 His alms, for want of faith, he doth accuse,
 So every good to bad he doth abuse;
 And eke the verse of famous poets' wit
 He does backbite, and spiteful poison spews,
 From lep'rous mouth, on all that ever writ:
 Such one vile Envy was.

Virtue is not secure against envy. Men will *lessen* what they will not imitate. It is observed, that the most censorious are generally the least judicious; who, having nothing to recommend themselves, will be finding fault with others.

None envy the merit of others, but who have little—or none at all, themselves. He that envies, makes another man's virtue his vice, and another man's happiness his torment; whereas, he that rejoices at the prosperity of another, is partaker thereof.

Some people as much envy others a good name, as they want it themselves; and perhaps that is the reason of it.

Envy is a passion so full of cowardice and shame, that none have the confidence to own it.

Envy is fixed only on merit; and, like a sore eye, is offended with every thing that is bright.

A man that hath no virtue in himself, envieth it in others.

The man who envies, must behold with pain
 Another's joys, and sicken at his gain:

The man—unable to control his ire,
 Shall wish undone what hate and wrath inspire.

Anger's

Anger's a shorter frenzy, then subdue
Your passion, or your passion conquers you;
Unless your reason holds the guiding reins,
And binds the tyrant in coercive chains.

Base envy withers at another's joy, and hates
that excellence it cannot reach. Envy flames
highest against one of the same rank and con-
dition.

FOLLY.

The vain is the most distinguished son of
Folly. In what does this man lay out the
faculties of an immortal soul? that time on
which depends eternity; that estate, which
well disposed of, might in some measure pur-
chase heaven. What is his serious labour?
subtle machination, ardent desire, and reign-
ing ambition to be seen. This ridiculous, but
true answer, renders all grave censure almost
superfluous.

Of all knaves, your fools are the worst—
because they rob you both of your time and
temper.

If you would not be thought a fool in others
conceit, be not wise in your own.

He that trusts to his own wisdom, proclaims
his own folly.

I here beg leave to subjoin this fable, by
monsieur de la Motte. JUPITER made a lot-
tery in heaven, in which mortals, as well as
the gods, were allowed to have tickets. The
prize was *wisdom*; and Minerva got it. The
mortals murmured, and accused the gods of
soul play. Jupiter, to wipe off this aspersions,
declared

declared another lottery, for mortals only. The prize was folly ; they got it, and shared it among themselves. All were satisfied ; the loss of *wisdom* was neither regretted nor remembered ; *folly* supplied its place, and those who had the largest share of it, thought themselves the wisest.

FRIENDSHIP.

Friendship's a name to few confin'd,
The offspring of a noble mind ;
A gen'rous warin'th which fills the breast,
And better felt than e'er exprest.

Friendship is a sweet attraction of the heart, towards the merit we esteem, or the perfections we admire ; and produces a mutual inclination between the two persons, to promote each others interest, knowledge, virtue, and happiness.

There's nothing so common as pretences to friendship ; though few know what it means, and fewer yet come up to its demands. By talking of it, we set ourselves off ; but when we enquire into it, we see our defects ; and when we engage in it, we must charge through abundance of difficulty. The veneration it has challenged in every age (the most barbarous not excepted), is a standing testimony of its excellence : and the more valuable it is, the more are we concerned to be instructed in it.

Montieur de Sacy, in his essay upon friendship, treats to this effect : The friendship which is to be recommended, is union of affections, springing from a generous respect to
virtue,

virtue, and is maintained by a harmony of manners. It is a great mistake, to call every trifling commerce by this serious name; or to suppose that empty compliments and visits of ceremony, where no more is intended than to pass the time, and shew the equipage, should pass for a real and well established friendship. The frequency of the practice will not wipe off the absurdity—there is as wide a difference between a bully and man of honour.

Not that these amusements are to be found fault with, the innocence and convenience of which protects them, when they pass for nothing but what they are; but certainly they ought to be distinguished from their betters; and the language and professions bear a proportion to the real impression they have on our heart.

Conformity of inclination is the life of friendship.

Whilst all are pursuing this common interest, all are travelling the same course, nothing can break the union of their affections and desires. The danger is only from irregular motions, and forgetting from which they should act. So long as we maintain a respect to this principle of union, and keep virtue on the throne, our humour and caprice will be checked and subdued. If interest can maintain and form societies, as we find it does, why should not those who are actuated by a higher principle (and with such only is our business), do as much, if not more.

It may be said, from hence I conclude that all good men are friends, if virtue be the life of friendship. The consequence holds good, if they

they knew one another, they would value one another. But though friendship is founded on esteem, so much that it cannot otherways subsist, there goes, however, something more to form it; esteem is a tribute due to merit in general; but friendship is an improvement made upon merit, and engages us in a very different degree.

Such impression has been made upon the heart, as cannot be well described, and works like a mother's affections to her own children; above those of strangers, as amiable in themselves. Those who would have friendship confined to the narrowest compass, have notions of it the most sublime; though number, if practicable, may be highly useful.

For to have but one friend, may sometimes be to have none, or, which is the same thing, none when we want him. The circumstances of time, and place, and ability too, make it proper that we have more than one bottom to venture in. The offices of friendship are various; to direct our choice, and rectify our mistakes; to sustain our misfortunes, moderate our joys, and the like. This may possibly be better done by the care and endeavours of several. Not that I would have friendship governed by profit and convenience; a motive so mean, can produce nothing extraordinary. There is something generous in the composition, that looks at another man's advantage as much as his own.

And that we may not talk without a precedent for what we say; the sages of old, whose friendships were so well cultivated, and became so famous as to be handed down to the
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present time, even theirs was divided into several streams. The most polite nations, and their *philosophers* too, gave us examples of that sort to build upon. It were difficult to determine, just how many make a sufficient quantity of friends; some fix the number at three, others allowing a greater latitude; but this rule will serve us, *the fewer the better*; and he who thinks he has a great number of friends, has most reason to believe he has none. It was a good return of Socrates, when his house was thought too little, "Would to God, I could fill it with true friends;" said he:—After all, if one could have a barn full, one would wish for no more than a closet would hold. Let the matter at least turn upon this, setting aside the reasons I have offered:—The difficulty we shall find in the choice of our friends, will make us rejoice that we have but few to choose. Of such importance is the work, 'tis so hard to succeed, and so dangerous to miscarry, so severe an enquiry into the inclinations and merit of the person, and the experience we must run through, before we are safe in their hands, will convince us, that to gain three or four in the course of our life, is to employ it well. Whence is it, so many friendships clapped up on a sudden, which have the air of veteran, not of raw, undisciplined affection, and look like the meeting of old friends, not of new ones—whence can it be, these so promising and kindly advances should be so soon overturned? 'tis because they began too soon, and run up too fast: And is there any mystery in this, that Time should destroy what we set up without

out consulting him? We meet, and at first sight like one another well, the next thing is to say so, the next, in course, to be *dear friends*. We vow and swear eternal amity; and when we go to considering, we find him out; we grow cool;—and at length come to hate him. We swing ourselves up by main force, and our own weight brings us down again. Would you contract a friendship that should last a long time, be a long time in contracting it.

Plutarch thus describes the person a friend should be. As to the person of whom we are to make a friend, he must be endowed with virtue, as a thing in itself lovely and desirable, which consists of a sweet and obliging temper of mind, a lively readiness in doing good offices; than which qualifications, nothing is more rarely found in nature. To this a familiar conversation must be added; for the person whom we desire to make our friend, must not casually be picked up at a tavern, or an eating house, nor at a promiscuous meeting at an horse race; but one chosen upon long and mature deliberation, confirmed by settled converse, and with whom, as the proverb says, "*we have eaten a bushel of salt.*"

From a vicious man I should desire to stand off altogether. By a vicious man I do not mean one liable to failings, as all men are, but one that acts without any regard to honour and conscience. He's out of his element that makes an engagement that is not supported only by principles of virtue. True friendship, justly founded, is a blessing, in which virtue has the sole property. And as virtue has but

few temporal rewards to propose, those few are to be found no where else.

Equality of birth and fortune, is by some made a point necessary to a well constructed friendship; and it must be said, that the rule ever to be embraced, if we could, when we pleased, find as good men of our own rank, as elsewhere. But considering that there are few of any rank fit to be chosen, we should look at the solid foundation of merit, and pass by mere accomplishments. We make no league with the coat of arms and the liveries, but with the man, and that part of the man too, that is considered abstractedly from both.— These things are not fixed to the freehold.

Not but that one should carry it with that distance and regard which is due to persons of condition. If they condescend to lay aside their state, there is no reason we would take advantage of the level. One would not presume farther upon the behaviour of a man genteely bred, than another that wanted that advantage. But, on the other hand, there are instances to be met with, of such as have outstretched expectation, as well as those that have fallen short of it. These should be looked upon with as much favour, and more, for having hammered themselves out into the perfections they have.

Deliberate on all things with thy friend;
But since friends grow not thick on ev'ry bow,
Nor ev'ry friend unrotten at the core;
First on thy friend deliberate with thyself;
Pause, poulder, list, not eager in the chace,

Nor

Nor jealous of the chosen, fixing, fix ;
Judge before friendship, then confide till death.
Well for thy friend ; but nobler far for thee ;
How gallant danger for earth's highest prize !
A friend is worth all hazard we can run.
Poor is the friendless master of the world :
A world in purchase for a friend is gain.

The general duty of a friend is, an industrious pursuit of his friend's real advantages ; fidelity in his trusts, assistance in all his wants, and a constant endeavour for his advancement in piety and virtue, for so close is the connection, that this is the expression of God himself, speaking of a friend : **THY FRIEND, WHICH IS AS THINE OWN SOUL.** Deut. xiii. 6.

Revenge (says de Sacy), which is never to be indulged, is between friends most of all a crime, and yet it will sometimes creep in, under the disguise of justice ; and here the easiness of revenge may encourage us to it. We know the man to the bottom, and can therefore injure him a hundred ways ; but, this is ungenerous—inhuman ! All that we can honourably allow ourselves in, is to shew, by a genteel behaviour, what he has lost, who has forfeited our friendship ; by our generous conduct, to discover the fault in his, and make him suffer in the reproach of his own breast. To be unconcerned at his misfortunes, or success ; to look upon him with the aversion of an enemy, is passion, and not just resentment. His betraying your secrets will not justify you in exposing his. You will meet

with more favourable opinion from the best of men, while you are so generous to suffer rather than retaliate. Whereas they 'll think you deserve such usage, if you can allow it in yourself. There is no relief but patience, admitting it otherwise, you open a door to all manner of disorder. Friendship has no sting to revenge affronts with; the remorse which a guilty person feels, and the disgrace he meets with abroad, if his character be known, is the punishment we should content ourselves with inflicting.

Among the friends we should cast off, I reckon those that stick as long as fortune is kind, but turn with the tide, and keep at a distance; those flies that follow the honey-pot while there is something to be had, and take their leave when there is no more to be hoped for. A true friend may be forgiven, if in time of prosperity he seem to neglect you, but he is not worth having, who neglects you in distress; for 'tis then his duty comes on, when things go against you; to sustain and comfort you when you are in trouble; and to bear a part of your burden.

We think we come up to the highest pitch of friendship, when our purse is open to our friends. It is true, comparatively reckoning, he is a generous man that will do so much; but that is not enough:—If to part with our money to those we profess an affection for, be the highest piece of friendship, pray what must the lowest be? Is it such a mighty piece of business to do that for the dearest person on earth, which we do to gratify a vain humour? What common humanity or applause will put

us upon, surely, amongst friends, is not to be reckoned an act of transcendant kindness, when it is no more than giving to another self, and paying of debts. Is there any thing more certainly due, than what we are engaged to by the alliance of friendship? Let a man incur the displeasure of his superiors, and warmly embark in my service, I'll own such a man to be a friend indeed, generous, and affectionate, one cannot praise him too much. Let him open his purse to one he loves, this comes short of the other. A man of honour, upon a slender friendship, will do as much as this. To cry up the parting with our pence, for the highest sacrifice that can be paid to friendship, is the sign of a grovelling spirit, that knows not what is truly noble. The people of old had better notions of the matter, who would borrow to give others in distress, and think they had done no more than their duty.

Wherefore, he that fails in this point, is not worth our acquaintance; he that deserts a man to save a pocket, will never hazard life and reputation in his service. Virtue is the principle of union, but vice is often strong enough to make a separation. Adversity is a time to try how sincere the professions were; if they pass that test, we may depend upon them.

With three sorts of men enter into no serious friendship:—the ungrateful man, the multiloquacious man, and the coward. The first cannot prize your favours; the second cannot keep your counsel; and the third dares not vindicate your honour.

Of all felicities, how charming is that of a
firm

firm and gentle friendship; it sweetens our cares, softens our sorrows, and assails us in extremities; it is a sovereign antidote against calamities. Nature, within the soul of man, has formed nothing more noble, or more rare than friendship.

Friends are to friends as lesser gods, while they
Honour and service to each other pay;
But when a dark cloud comes, grudge not to lend
Thy head, thy heart, thy fortune to thy friend.

FRIENDSHIP! mysterious cement of the soul;
Sweeter of life, and folder of society,
I owe thee much. Thou hast deserv'd from me,
Far, far beyond what I can ever pay.
Oft have I prov'd the labours of thy love,
And the warm efforts of the gentle heart,
Anxious to please.

—————'Twas happiness
Too exquisite to last.—Of joys departed,
Not to return, how painful the remembrance!

That admirable friendship, which is founded
on virtue, cemented by esteem and sympathy
—That uniting of virtuous hearts cannot be
easily dissolved—nor shaken: Each are to each
a dearer self.

Where heart meets heart reciprocally soft,
Each others pillow to repose divine.

True friends are the whole world to each
other. And he that is a friend to himself, is
also

also a friend to mankind. There is no relish in the possession of any thing without a partner.

It was ever my opinion, says Horace, that a chearful good-natured friend is so great a blessing that it admits of no comparison.

Cicero used to say, that it was no less an evil for a man to be without a friend, than to have the heavens without a sun. And Socrates thought friendship the sweetest possession, and that no piece of ground yielded more, or pleasanter fruit than a true friend.

Fortune, honours,—life itself, are sacrifices due to the sacred connection of friendship.

That friendship alone, which flows from the source of virtue, supplies an uninterrupted, an inexhaustible stream of delight.

Hastily contracted friendships, generally promise the least duration or satisfaction; as they too often may be found to arise from design on one side, and weakness on the other. True friendship must be the effect of long and mutual esteem, satisfaction, and knowledge.

Only good or wise men or women, can be friends; others are but companions.

The kindnesses of a friend lie deep, and whether present or absent, as occasion serves, he is solicitous about our concerns.

Friendship improves happiness, and abates misery, by the doubling of our joys, and dividing of our grief.

The best friendship is to prevent a request, and never put a man to the confusion of asking. To ask is a word that lies heavy on the tongue, and cannot be uttered but with a dejected countenance. We should therefore

Arrive

strive to meet our friend in his wishes, if we cannot prevent him.

A generous friendship no cold medium knows,
Burns with one love, with one resentment glows :
One should our interests, and our passions be,
My friend must slight the man that injures me.

It is no flattery to give a friend a due character ; for commendation is as much the duty of a friend, as reprehension.

There cannot be a greater treachery than first to raise a confidence, and then deceive it.

Prosperity is no just scale, adversity is the only balance to try friends.

False is their conceit, who say, The way to have a friend, is, not to make use of him. Nothing can give a greater assurance, that two men are friends, than when experience makes them mutually acknowledge it.

Wealth without friends, is like life without health ; the one an uncomfortable fortune, and the other a miserable being.

Without friends this world is but a wilderness.

Nothing is more grievous, than the loss of that friendship which we have greatly esteemed and valued, and which we least feared would fail us.

We may easily secure ourselves from open and professed enemies ; but from such as, under a pretence of amity, design an injury, there is no sanctuary. Who would imagine that a pleasing countenance could harbour villainy ?

A friendship

A friendship of interest lasts no longer than the interest continues; whereas true affection is of the nature of a diamond; it is lasting, and it is hard to break.

A faithful friend is the medicine of life, and this excellency is invaluable.

Friendship has a noble effect upon all accidents and conditions; it relieves our cares, raises our hopes, and abates our fears. A friend who relates his success, talks himself into a new pleasure; and by opening his misfortunes, leaves part of them behind him.

All men have their frailties; whoever looks for a friend without imperfections will never find what he seeks; we love ourselves with all our faults, and we ought to love our friends in like manner.

Whoever moves you to part with a true and tried friend, has certainly a design to make way for a treacherous enemy.

He is happy that finds a true friend in extremity; but he is much more so, who finds not extremity, whereby to try his friend.

Friendship is the most sacred of all moral bonds. Trusts of confidence, though without any express stipulation of caution, are yet in the very nature of them, as sacred as if they were guarded by a thousand articles of conditions.

A true and faithful friend is a living treasure, a comfort in solitude, and a sanctuary in distress.

For is there aught so fair in all the dewy landscapes

Of the spring,—in nature's fairest forms—is

As

As virtuous friendship? or the graceful tear
That streams from others woes.

Some cases are so nice, that a man cannot appear in them himself, but must leave the soliciting wholly to his friend. For the purpose; a man cannot recommend himself without vanity, nor ask many times without uneasiness; but a kind proxy will do justice to his merits, relieve his modesty, and effect his business without trouble or blushing.

An enemy may receive hurt by our hatred; but a friend will suffer a greater injury by our dissimulation.

There is requisite to friendship more goodness and virtue, than dexterity of wit, or height of understanding; it being enough, that they have sufficient prudence to be as good as they should be, in order to the completing a virtuous friendship.

Friendship's the gentle bond of faithful minds.

Friendship is the joy of reason,
Dearer yet than that of love;
Love but lasts a transient season,
Friendship makes the bliss above.
Who would lose the secret pleasure,
Felt when soul with soul unites;
Other blessings have their measure,
Friendship without bound delights.

As certain rivers are never so useful as when they overflow, so hath friendship nothing more excellent in it than excess, and doth rather offend in her moderation than in her violence.

The

The mind never unbends itself so agreeably, as in the conversation of a well chosen friend. There is indeed no blessing in life that is any way comparable to the enjoyment of a discreet and virtuous friend. It eases and unbends the mind,—it clears and improves the understanding, engenders thought and knowledge, animates virtue and good resolution, soothes and allays the passions, and finds employment for most of the vacant hours of life.

Friendship's the chiefest good, the balm of life,
The bane of faction, antidote of strife,
The gem that virtuous breasts alone can grace,
The sign of patience, and the seal of peace.

Of all associations, there is none so firm and noble, as when virtuous hearts are linked together by a correspondence of manners, and freedom of conversation.

The rare qualities of friendship are virtue, piety, good sense; thereon are founded admiration and esteem,—and sensibility must still support it.

A friend is a precious jewel, within whose bosom we may unload our sorrows, and unfold our secrets.

It will be very fit for all that have entered into any strict friendship, to make one special article in the agreement. That they shall mutually admonish and reprove each other.

GRATITUDE.

O! how amiable is gratitude! especially
when it has the Supreme Benefactor for its
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object. I have always looked upon gratitude as the most exalted principle that can actuate the heart of man. It has something in it noble, disinterested, and (if I may be allowed the term) generously devout. Repentance indicates our nature fallen, and prayer turns chiefly upon a regard to one's self. But the exercise of gratitude subsisted in Paradise, when there was no fault to deplore; and will be perpetuated in heaven, when God shall be "all in all."

Demosthenes said, it becometh him, who receiveth a benefit from another man, for ever to be sensible of it; but him that bestowed it, presently to forget it. He is unjust, said Socrates, who does not return deserved thanks for any benefit, whether the giver be a friend or foe.

There is no vice nor failing of man, that doth so much unprinciple humanity, as ingratitude; since he who is guilty of it, lives unworthy of his own soul, that hath not virtue enough to be obliged, nor to acknowledge the due merits of the obliger.

It is as common a thing for gratitude to be forgetful, as for hope to be mindful.

Without good nature and gratitude, man had as well live in a wilderness, as in a civil society.

He who receives a good turn, should never forget it, he who does one, should never remember it.

It is the character of an unworthy nature, to write injuries in marble, and benefits in dust.

He that preaches gratitude, pleads the cause
both

both of God and man ; for without it we can neither be sociable nor religious.

It is the glory of gratitude, that it depends only on the good-will : If I have will to be grateful, says Seneca, I am so.

If gratitude is due from man to man, how much more from man to his Maker? The Supreme Being does not only confer upon us those bounties which proceed more immediately from his hand, but even those benefits which are conveyed to us by others. Every blessing we enjoy, by what means soever it may be derived upon us, is the gift of Him who is the great Author of Good and Father of Mercies.

Gratitude, when exerted towards one another, naturally produces a very pleasing sensation in the mind of a grateful man : it exalts the soul into rapture, when it is employed in this great object of gratitude ; on this beneficent Being, who has given us every thing we hope for.

Ungenerous the man, and base of heart,
Who takes the kind, and pays th' ungrateful part.

GENEROSITY.

Observe the various actions and tempers of men, and pass by human infirmities with a generous greatness.

Good nature is the very air of a good mind, the sign of a large and generous soul, the peculiar soil on which virtue prospers. There is far more satisfaction in doing, than receiving good. To relieve the oppressed, is the

most glorious act a man is capable of; it is in some measure doing the business of God and Providence; and is attended with a heavenly pleasure, unknown but to those that are beneficent and liberal.

It is not in the power of a good man to refuse making another man happy, where he has both ability and opportunity.

Goodness is generous and diffusive. It is largeness of mind and sweetness of temper; modest and sincere, inoffensive and obliging. Where this quality is predominant, there is a noble forwardness for public benefit; an ardour to relieve the wants, to remove the oppressions, and better the condition of all mankind.

No character is more glorious, none more attractive of universal admiration and respect, than that of helping those who are in no condition of helping themselves.

We read a pretty passage (says Philologas) of a certain cardinal, who, by the multitude of his generous actions, gave occasion for the world to call him, 'The patron of the poor.' This ecclesiastic prince had a constant custom, once or twice a week to give public audience to all indigent people in the hall of his palace, and to relieve every one according to their various necessities, on the motions of his own bounty. One day a poor widow, encouraged by the fame of his generosity, came into the hall of this cardinal, with her only child, a beautiful maid, about fifteen years of age. When her turn came to be heard, among a crowd of petitioners, the cardinal discerning the marks of an extraordinary modesty in her face

face and carriage, as also in her daughter, he encouraged her to tell her wants freely,—she blushing,—and, not without tears, thus addressed herself to him: “My lord, I owe for the rent of my house, five crowns, and such is my misfortune, that I have no other means to pay it, save what would break my heart, since my landlord threatens to force me to it; that is, to prostitute my only daughter, whom I have hitherto, with great care, educated in virtue.—What I beg of your eminence is, that you would please to impose your authority, and protect us from the violence of this cruel man, till, by our honest industry we can procure the money for him.” The cardinal, moved with admiration at the woman’s virtue and innocent modesty, bid her be of good courage; then he immediately wrote a billet, and giving it into the widow’s hands, Go, said he, to my steward, and he shall deliver thee five crowns to pay thy rent. The poor woman overjoyed, and returning the cardinal a thousand thanks, went directly to his steward,—and gave him the note, which when he read, he told her out fifty crowns. She, astonished at the meaning of it, and fearing it was the steward’s trick to try her honesty, refused to take above five, saying, she mentioned no more than five to the cardinal; and she was sure it was some mistake. On the other side, the steward insisted on his master’s order, not daring to call it in question. But all the arguments he could use were insufficient to prevail on her to take more than five crowns. Wherefore, to end the controversy, he offered to go with her to

the cardinal, and refer it to him. When they came before that munificent prince, and had fully informed him of the business ;—it is true, —said he, I mistook in writing fifty crowns. Give me the paper, and I will rectify it.—Thereupon he wrote again ; saying this to the woman, “ So much candour and virtue deserves a recompence. Here I have ordered you five hundred crowns. What you can spare of it, lay up as a dowry to give with your daughter in marriage.”

What a mighty impression the actions of truly great men stamp on hearts sincerely addicted to virtue.

The words of Louis XII. of France shewed a great and noble mind ; who being advised to punish those that had wronged him before he was king, answered, it is not becoming a king of France to revenge injuries done to a duke of Orleans.

The conferring a happiness on any creature, is certainly the highest enjoyment of the human mind ! but the paying it to an amiable and deserving object, must heighten the sentiment even to transport.

An extraordinary instance of generosity in an Egyptian :—A conflagration having reduced to ashes one of the principal mosques of Cairo, the mussulmans imputed this calamity to the hatred of the Christians ; and, without examining if such an accusation was well founded or not, several young people ran to the quarter inhabited by Christians, and set fire to it, by way of reprisal.

Such an outrage deserved the severest punishment : The governor caused the perpetrators

tors to be apprehended ; but, as the number was very great, he could not resolve to doom to death so many young persons, who were hurried into this excess more by passion than malice.

As many lots were thrown into an urn as amounted to the number of culprits : some few of these were marked, DEATH ; and all the others condemned the drawers only to the correction of rods.

When they had all drawn their lots out of the fatal urn, one of those destined to death, cried out in a transport of grief, “ I do not regret the loss of life ; but how will my parents, overwhelmed with sorrow, and reduced to the greatest misery, be able to live without my assistance ? ”

One of those that had escaped death, replied to him that was lamenting his fate : “ Friend, I have neither father nor mother ; my life is of no use to any one ; give me your lot and take mine.” The surprising sacrifice excited the admiration of every one present, and the governor, who was soon informed of it, pardoned both the criminals.

H O N E S T Y.

Every man is bound to be an honest man, but all cannot be great men ; he that is good is great, and if the foolish esteem him not so, let him stand to the verdict of his own conscience. Where there may be a sufficient ground of reproach, yet an honest man is always tender of his neighbour's character, from the
sense

sense of his own frailty. An honest man lives not to the world, but to himself.

A wit's a feather, and a chief's a rod,
An honest man's the noblest work of God.

There are few persons to be found, but what are more concerned for the reputation of wit and sense, than honesty and virtue.

He only is worthy of esteem, that knows what is just and honest, and dares to do it; that is master of his own passions, and scorns to be slave to another's. Such an one, in the lowest poverty, is a far better man, and merits more respect, than those gay things, who owe all their greatness and reputation to their rentals and revenues.

Tricks and treachery are the practice of fools, that have not sense enough to be honest. They who have an honest and engaging look, ought to suffer double punishment if they belie it in their actions.

Honesty is silently commended even by the practice of the most wicked; for their deceit is under its colour.

The Dutch have a good proverb, "Thefts never enrich; alms never impoverish; prayers hinder no work."

It is not so painful to an honest man to want money, as to owe it.

The want of justice is not only condemned, but the want of mercy. The rich man went to hell for not relieving Lazarus, though he wronged him not.

There is nothing in the world worth being a knave for,

The

The difference there is between honour and honesty, seems to be chiefly in the motive; the mere honest man does that from duty, which the man of honour does for the sake of character.

To others do, what you from them expect,
Nor ever this, the sum of law, neglect.

The more honesty a man has, the less he affects the air of a saint—the affectation of sanctity, is a blotch on the face of piety.

HONOUR.

TRUE honour (says doctor Hildrup) is seated in the soul. It is a kind of *sons-persennis*, rising from a generous heart, and flowing with a natural and easy descent into all the different traces of life, and channels of duty; refreshing, invigorating, and adorning all the faculties of the soul, language of the tongue, the very air of the face, the motion of the body. It displays itself in a natural unaffected greatness and firmness of mind, improved by a train of religious reflections, and generous actions, in which personal virtue and real merit truly consist.

The bulk of mankind are caught by shew. The pompous sound of titles and glitter of ornaments strike their senses, attract their attention, raise their admiration, and extort from them all that reverence which is due only to eminent and distinguished merit; while real virtue and true honour pass silently through the world, unheeded and unregarded, but by
the

the happy and discerning few, who are sensible of its merit, or enjoy the blessed communication of its influence.

For, to do good, to be lovers of mankind, to alleviate the distresses, and promote the peace and happiness of our fellow creatures, is the highest honour, the noblest ambition that can enter into the heart of man. But the bulk of mankind judge otherwise. Noise and shew, title and equipage, glitter and grandeur, constitute the whole idea of honour, and whoever can command an interest sufficient to procure, and an affluence sufficient to support them, becomes thereby not only a man of honour, but even a subordinate fountain of honour, enabled to produce others after his kind, and propagate the *honourable* species from generation to generation.

The man of honour is an internal, the person of honour an external; the one a real, the other a fictitious character. I am therefore never surpris'd to see or hear such things attempted, said, and done by a person of honour, which a man of honour would blush to think of.

A person of honour may be a prophane irreligious libertine; a penurious, proud, revengeful coward; may insult his inferiors, oppress his tenants and servants, debauch his neighbours' wives and daughters, defraud his creditors, and prostitute his public faith for a protection, may associate with sots and drunkards, sharpers and gamesters, in order to increase his fortune; I say, it is not impossible but that a person of honour may be guilty of all these; but it is absolutely impossible for a
man

man of honour to be guilty of any one of them.

—— 'Tis in virtue—that alone can give
The lasting honour, and bid glory live;
On virtue's basis only, fame can rise,
To stand the storms of age, and reach the skies:
Arts, conquests, greatness, feel the stroke of fate,
Shrink sudden, and betray th'incumbent weight:
Time with contempt the faithless props surveys,
And buries madmen in the heaps they raise.

Antiently the Romans worshipped virtue and honour for gods; whence it was that they built two temples, which were so seated, that none could enter the temple of honour, without passing through the temple of virtue.

Wisdom and virtue make the poor rich, and the rich honourable.

Honours are in this world under no regulations; true quality is neglected, virtue is oppressed, and vice triumphant. The last day will rectify the disorder, and assign to every one a station suitable to the dignity of his character: Ranks will then be adjusted, and precedence set right.

True honour, though it be a different principle from religion, is that which produces the same effects.

The sense of honour is of so fine and delicate a nature, that it is only to be met with in minds which are naturally noble; or in such as have been cultivated by great examples, or a refined education.

Honour's

Honour's a sacred tie, the law of kings,
 The noble mind's distinguishing perfection,
 That aids and strengthens virtue where it meets
 And imitates her actions where she is not. [her,
 It ought not to be sported with.

IMPATIENCE.

An impatient man is hurried along by his wild and furious desires, into an abyss of miseries; the more extensive his power is, the more fatal is his impatience to him: he will wait for nothing, he will not give himself the time to take any measures, he forces all things to satisfy his wishes, he breaks the boughs to gather the fruit before it is ripe, he will needs reap, when the wise husbandman is sowing; all he does in haste is ill done, and can have no longer duration than volatile desires: such as these are the senseless projects of the man who thinks he is able to do every thing, and who, by giving himself up to his desires, abuses his own power.

Impatience is the principal cause of most of our irregularities and extravagancies. I would sometimes have paid a guinea to be at some particular ball or assembly, and something has prevented my going there; after it was over, I would not give a shilling to have been there. I would pay a crown at any time for a venison ordinary; but after having dined on beef or mutton, I would not give a penny to have had it venison.

Think frequently on this, ye giddy and ye extravagant.

INTEM-

INTEMPERANCE.

——— War its thousands slays,
 Peace its ten thousands; in th' embattled plain,
 Tho' death exiles, and claps his raven wings,
 Yet reigns he not ev'n there so absolute,
 So merciless as in your frantic scenes
 Of midnight revel and tumultuous mirth;
 Where in th' intoxicating draught conceal'd,
 Or couch'd beneath the glance of lawless love,
 He snares the simple youth, who nought suspecting,
 Means to be blest:—But finds himself undone.
 Down the smooth stream of time the stripling darts,
 Gay as the morn; bright glows the vernal skies,
 Hope swells his sails, and passion steers his course;
 Safe glides his little bark along the shore,
 Where Virtue takes her stand; but if too far,
 He launches forth beyond discretion's mark,
 Sudden the tempest scowls, the surges roar,
 Blot his fair day, and plunge him in the deep:
 O! sad—but sure mischance!

Those men who destroy a healthful constitution of body, by intemperance and irregular life, do as manifestly kill themselves, as those who hang, poison, or drown themselves.

Cast an eye into the gay world, what see we for the most part, but a set of querulous, emaciated, fluttering, fantastical beings, worn out in the keen pursuit of pleasure; creatures that know, own, condemn, deplore, yet still pursue their own infelicity! The decayed
 I monuments

monuments of error! The then remains of what is called delight.

Virtue is no enemy to pleasure, but its most certain friend: Her proper office is, to regulate our desires, that we may enjoy every pleasure with moderation, and lose them without discontent.

It is not what we possess that makes us happy, but what we enjoy. If you live according to nature, you will seldom be poor; if according to opinion, never rich.

Temperance, by fortifying the mind and body, leads to happiness. Intemperance, by enervating them, ends generally in misery.

The virtue of prosperity is temperance; the virtue of adversity, fortitude; which in morals is the most heroic virtue.

KNOWLEDGE.

KNOWLEDGE IS A TREASURE, OF WHICH
STUDY IS THE KEY.

Knowledge is one of the means of pleasure, as is confessed by the natural desire which every mind feels of increasing its ideas. Ignorance is mere privation, by which nothing can be produced; it is a vanity in which the soul sits motionless and torpid for want of attraction; and, without knowing why, we always rejoice when we learn, and grieve when we forget. I am therefore inclined to conclude, that if nothing counteracts the natural consequence of learning, we grow more happy as our minds take a wider range.

Knowledge will soon become folly, when
good

good sense ceases to be its guardian. The true knowledge of God, and yourself, are true testimonies of your being in the high road to salvation ; that breeds in you a filial love, this a filial fear ; the ignorance of yourself is the beginning of all sin ; and the ignorance of God, is the perfection of all evil.

KNOWLEDGE OF ONE'S SELF.

Let men learn to be affectionate to their friends, faithful to their allies, respectful to their superiors, and just even to their enemies ; let them be taught to fear death and torments less than the reproach of their own conscience. Did we but know ourselves, how humble it would make us ; and happy it would be for us that we did ; for, want of knowledge of ourselves is the cause of pride ; and pride was the first cause of our separation from God ; and ignorance of ourselves is the cause of keeping us from coming to him ; for God, resisteth the proud, and giveth grace to the humble. Did we know ourselves, we would not be proud. For what is man ? a weak and sickly body ; a pitiful and helpless creature, exposed to all the injuries of time and fortune ; a mass of clay and corruption, prone to evil, and of so perverse and depraved a judgment, as to prize earth above heaven, temporal pleasures before endless felicities. It is not very difficult for men to know themselves, if they took but proper pains to enquire into themselves ; but they are more solicitous to be thought what they should be, than really careful to be what they ought to be.

MAN! KNOW THYSELF, ALL WISDOM CENTRES HERE.

If knowledge without religion was truly valuable, nothing would be more so than the devil.

Knowledge that is of use, is the greatest and noblest acquisition that man can gain. But to run on in their disputations, whether privation be a principle; whether any thing can be made of nothing; whether there be an empty space in the compass of nature; or, whether the world shall have an end; and such like, is without end, and to no end.

Of all parts of wisdom, practice is the best. Socrates was esteemed the wisest man of his time; because he turned his acquired knowledge into morality, and aimed at goodness more than greatness.

The most resplendant ornament of man is judgment: Here is the perfection of his innate reason; here is the utmost power of reason joined with knowledge.

A man of sense does not apply himself so much to the most learned writings, in order to acquire knowledge, as to the most rational, to fortify his reason.

There is no necessity of being led through the several fields of knowledge. It will be sufficient to gather some of the fairest fruit from them all, and to lay up a store of good sense, sound reason, and solid virtue.

We rarely meet with persons that have a true judgment, which in many, renders literature

rature a very tiresome knowledge. Good judges are as rare as good authors.

We read of a philosopher, who declared of himself, that the first year he entered upon the study of philosophy, he knew all things ; the second year something, but the third year nothing. The more he studied, the more he declined in the opinion of his own knowledge, and saw more the shortness of his understanding.

Difficult and abstruse speculations raise a noise and a dust, but when we examine what comes of them, little account they turn to, but heat, clamour, and contradiction.

Knowledge will not be acquired without pains and application. It is troublesome and deep digging for pure waters ; but when once you come to the spring, they rise up and meet you.

What is knowledge good for, which does not direct and govern our lives ?

Useful knowledge can have no enemies, except the ignorant. It cherishes youth, delights the aged ; is an ornament in prosperity, and yields comfort in adversity.

Happy, thrice happy, he whose conscious heart,
Enquires his purpose, and discerns his part ;

Who runs with heed th' involuntary race,

Nor lets his hours reproach him as they pass ;

Weights how they steal away, how sure, how fast,
And as he weighs them, apprehends the last.

Or vacant, or engaged, our minutes fly,

We may be negligent, but we must die.

That vice embraces us with open arms ;
 Is won with ease, too lavish of her charms.
 Virtue more coy, by order of the gods, [bodes,
 On mountains hard to climb, has fix'd her calm a-
 A rocky rough ascent th' access denies,
 And difficult the paths that lead to virtue's joys.
 But he who bravely gains the mountain's height, }
 Finds blissful pains his labours to requite, }
 And crowns past toils in floods of vast delight. }

LIBERALITY.

The most acceptable thing in the world is a discreet liberality. He that gives to all without discretion, will soon stand in need of every one's assistance.

Liberality does not so much consist in giving largely, as in giving seasonably.

He is not to be esteemed liberal, who does, as it were, pick a quarrel with his money, and knows not how either to part with it, or keep it ; but he that disposes of it with discretion and reason ; that proportions his bounty to his ability ; chooses his objects according to their necessities ; and confers his bounties when they can do most good.

Those persons (says Tacitus) are under a mighty error, who know not how to distinguish between liberality and luxury. Abundance of men know how to squander, that do not know how to give.

We should be generous—but not profuse or profligate.

LOVE.

LOVE.

Love can never exist without pain in a delicate soul, but even these pains are sometimes sources of the sweetest pleasures.

Where love is, there is no labour ; and if there is, the labour is loved.

'Tis not the coarser tie of human laws,
Unnatural oft, and foreign to the mind,
That binds our peace, but harmony itself,
Attuning all our passions into love ;
Where friendship full exerts her softest pow'r ;
Perfect esteem and sympathy of soul ; [will,
Thought meeting thought, and will preventing
With boundless confidence ; for nought but love
Can answer love, and render bliss secure.

There is no passion that more excites us to every thing that is noble and generous than virtuous love.

Love is not a guilty passion, a criminal desire which debases human nature ; 'tis a most exalted esteem and regard, founded on reason and virtue ; an affection which ennobles the mind, elevates the soul, and leads it nearer to heaven. This is the idea which that sacred name conveys—pure and unmixed with any gross conceptions ; and which, thus understood, may as well subsist between two persons of the same, as of a different sex ; though some will argue, that the latter is capable of a more refined softness.

Love founded on external charms, and which
only

only seeks the gratification of the senses, will soon change its object, and be pleased with novelty ; but where esteem is the basis of love, when it is founded on virtue—accompanied by all those amiable and endearing qualities of the head and heart, and mind enlarged, surely that affection—that friendship cannot die ;—it can never fall, while those virtues remain on which it is built—by which it is enlarged, strengthened, and supported.

Solid love, whose root is virtue, can no more die than virtue itself.

Without constancy, there is neither love, friendship, nor virtue in the world.

He that loves on the account of virtue, can never be weary ; because there are ever fresh charms to attract him, and entertain him.

Our affections are the links which form society ; and though, by being stretched or broken, they may give us pain, yet certainly we could have no pleasure without them.

Would you then know or peace or joy,
Let love your fleeting hours employ ;
Whate'er can bless your mortal span,
Is love of God—and love of man.

God is love, and the more we endeavour to imitate the Deity, the nearer we approach to perfection and happiness. Love or charity is moreover the distinguishing characteristic of a true Christian.

That sweet and elegant uniting of the minds, which is properly called love, has no other knot but virtue ; and therefore, if it be a
right

right love, it can never slide into any action that is not virtuous.

All those who love are not true friends; but all such as are true friends, necessarily love. True love (says Thompson) and friendship are the same.

Love is not to be satisfied with gold, but only to be paid with love again.

———A heart requires a heart,
Nor will be pleased with less than what it gives.

An affection in a lover is restless, so if it be perfect it is endless.

Love makes a man that is naturally addicted to vice, to be endued with virtue; forces him to apply himself to all laudable exercises, that thereby he may obtain his love's favour; he endeavours to be skilful in good letters, that by his learning he may allure her; to excel in music, that by his melody he may entice her; to frame his speech in a perfect phrase, that by his eloquence he may persuade her; and what nature wants, he seeks to amend by art; and the only cause of this virtuous disposition is love.

Love fixed on virtue, increaseth ever by continuance.

Love is a virtue, if measured by dutiful choice, and not maimed by wilful chance.

Perhaps it is not possible to love two persons exactly in the same degree; yet, the difference may be so small, that none of the parties can tell certainly, on which side the scale preponderates.

It

It is a narrowness of mind, to wish to confine your friend's affection solely to yourself: If she depends on you alone for all the comforts and advantages of friendship, your absence or death may leave her desolate and forlorn. If therefore you prefer her good to your own gratification, you should rather strive to multiply her friends, and be ready to embrace in your affections all who love her, and deserve her love.

A toad, fed on the vapours of a dungeon, is not such a wretch, as a man of sense who has had the misfortune to be heartily in love with a weak and worthless woman.

In true love one object must ever reign predominant in the affections, knowing no equal; perhaps in friendship too, we always hold one dearer than all the others beside.

There is in love a power—

There is a soft divinity that draws transport
Even from distress, that gives the heart
A certain pang, excelling far the joys
Of gross unfeeling life.

Love is the most elevated and generous of all passions; and, of all others, the most incident to virtuous and liberal minds.

LOVE OF GOD.

The three great springs of love to God are these: A clear discovery of what God is in himself; a lively sense of what he has done for us, and a well grounded hope of what he will do for us. Where the love of God reigns

reigns in the affections, it will command all the powers of nature, and all the rest of the passions to act suitably to this sovereign and all ruling affection of love. The eye will often look up to God in a way of humble dependence; the ear will be attentive to his holy word; the hands will be lifted up to heaven in daily requests; the knees will be bent in humble worship; all the outward powers will be busy in doing the will of God, and promoting his glory. He that loves God, will keep his commandments, and fulfil every present duty with delight: He will endeavour to please God in all his actions; and watch against and avoid whatever may offend him: and while the several outward powers are thus engaged, all the inward affections of nature will be employed in corresponding exercises. Supreme love will govern all the active train of human passions, and lead them captive to chearful obedience.

How senseless and absurd is the pretence to love God above all things, if we do not resolve to live upon him as our hope and happiness; if we do not choose him to be our God and our all, our chief and all-sufficient good in this world, and that which is to come! Where the idea of God, as a Being of supreme excellence, doth not reign in the mind, where the will is not determined and fixed on him, as our supreme good, men are strangers to that sacred and divine affection of love. Till this be done, we cannot be said to love God with all our heart.

How necessary and useful a practice is it therefore for a Christian to meditate often on
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the transcendant perfections and worth of the blessed God; to survey his attributes, and his grace in Christ Jesus; to keep in mind a constant idea of his supreme excellence, and frequently to repeat and confirm the choice of him as our highest hopes, our portion and our everlasting good! This will keep the love of God warm at heart, and maintain the divine affection in its primitive life and vigour. But if our ideas of the adorable and supreme excellence of God grow faint and feeble, and sink lower in the mind; if we lose sight of his amiable glories, the sense of his amazing love in the gospel, his rich promises, and alluring grace; if we shall abate the fervency of this sacred passion, our love to God grows cold by degrees, and suffers great and gradual decays.

What thanks do we owe to God, who, though we are so much indebted to him, demands only our love, to pay off all our debts upon this consideration; doth he not shew us, by placing the precept of love above all others, how, poor and insolvent as we are, we may clear ourselves of all that we owe him?

It is surely impossible to read the life and death of our blessed Saviour, without renewing and increasing in our hearts, that love and reverence, and gratitude to him, which is so justly due for all he did and suffered for us: every word that fell from his lips is more precious than all the treasures of the earth, for his are the words of eternal life! They must, therefore, be laid up in our hearts, and be constantly referred to, on all occasions, as the rule and direction of all our actions.

It

It is impossible to love God, without desiring to please him, and as far as we are able to resemble him ; therefore the love of God must lead to every virtue in the highest degree ; and we may be sure we do not truly love him, if we content ourselves with avoiding flagrant sins, and do not strive, in good earnest, to reach the highest degree of perfection we are capable of, by his help.

We cannot possibly exceed in the measure of our love to God, to whom reason as well as revelation directs us to offer the best of our affections, and from whom alone we can hope for that happiness, which it is our nature incessantly to desire.

As to the acts of love to God, obedience is the chief : " This is love, that we keep his commandments."

LOVE OF OUR NEIGHBOUR.

Love your neighbour for God's sake, and God for your Saviour's sake, who created all things for your sake, and redeemed you for his mercies sake. If your love hath any other motive, it is false love ; if your motive hath any other end, it is self love. If you neglect your love to your neighbour, in vain you profess your love to God ; for by your love to God, your love to your neighbour is acquired ; and by your love to your neighbour, your love to God is nourished.

All men of estates are, in effect, but trustees for the benefit of the distressed, and will be so reckoned when they are to give an account.

We may hate men's vices, without any ill will to their persons ; but we cannot help despising those that have no kind of virtue to recommend them.

He that makes any thing his chiefest good, wherein virtue, reason, and humanity, do not bear a part, can never do the offices of friendship, justice, or liberality.

A regard to decency and the common punctilios of life, has often been serviceable to society. It has kept many a married couple unseparated, and frequently preserved a neighbourly intercourse, where love and friendship both have been wanting.

It is providential that our affection diminishes in proportion as our friend's power increases. Affection is of less importance, whenever a person can support himself. It is on this account, that younger brothers are oft beloved more than their elders ; and that Benjamin is the favourite.

“ Love worketh no ill to his neighbour,” therefore, if we have true benevolence, we will never do any thing injurious to individuals, or to society. Those very comprehensive moral precepts our Saviour has graciously left with us, which can never fail to direct us aright, if fairly and honestly applied, such as, “ whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, even so do unto them.” There is no occasion, great or small, on which you may not safely apply this rule, for the direction of your conduct ; and whilst our hearts honestly adhere to it, we can never be guilty of any sort of injustice or unkindness.

MARRIAGE.

MARRIAGE.

Marriage is certainly a condition, upon which the happiness or misery of life does very much depend ; more indeed than most people think before hand. To be confined to live with one perpetually, for whom we have no liking or esteem, must certainly be an uneasy state. There had need be a great many good qualities to recommend a constant conversation with one, where there is some share of kindness ; but without love, the very best of all good qualities will never make a constant conversation easy and delightful. And whence proceed those innumerable domestic miseries, that plague and utterly confound so many families, but from want of love and kindness in the wife or husband : from these come their neglect and careless management of affairs at home, and their profuse extravagant expences abroad. In a word, it is not easy, as it is not needful, to recount the evils that arise abundantly, from the want of conjugal affection only. And since this is so certain, a man or woman runs the most fearful hazard that can be, who marries without this affection in themselves, and without good assurances of it in the other.

Let your love advise before you choose, and your choice be fixed before you marry. Remember the happiness or misery of your life depends upon this one act, and that nothing but death can dissolve the knot.

A single life is doubtless preferable to a married one, where prudence and affection do

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not accompany the choice ; but where they do, there is no terrestrial happiness equal to the married state.

There cannot be too near an equality, too exact a harmony betwixt a married couple ; it is a step of such weight as calls for all our foresight and penetration ; and, especially, the temper and education must be attended to. In unequal matches, the men are generally more in fault than the women, who can seldom be choosers.

Wisdom to gold prefer, for 'tis much less
To make your fortune than your happiness.

Marriages founded on affection are the most happy. Love (says Addison) ought to have shot its roots deep, and to be well grown before we enter into that state. There is nothing which more nearly concerns the peace of mankind—it is his choice in this respect, on which his happiness or misery in life depends.

Though Solomon's description of a wife and good woman, may be thought too mean and mechanical for this refined generation, yet certain it is, that the business of a family is the most profitable and honourable study they can employ themselves in.

The best dowry to advance the marriage of a young lady is, when she has in her countenance, mildness ; in her speech, wisdom ; in her behaviour, modesty ; and in her life, virtue.

Better is a portion in a wife, than with a wife.

An

An inviolable fidelity, good humour, and complacency of temper in a wife, outlive all the charms of a fine face, and make the decays of it invisible.

The surest way of governing both a private family and a kingdom, is, for a husband and prince to yield at certain times something of their prerogative.

A good wife, says Solomon, is a good portion; and there is nothing of so much worth as a mind well instructed.

Sweetness of temper, affection to her husband, and attention to his interests, constitute the duties of a wife, and form the basis of matrimonial felicity. The idea of power on either side, should be totally banished. It is not sufficient that the husband should never have occasion to regret the want of it; the wife must so behave, that he may never be conscious of possessing it.

MEDIOCRITY.

Place me, ye powers, in some obscure retreat;
 O keep me innocent! make others great!
 In quiet shades, content with rural sports,
 Give me a life remote from guilty courts,
 Where free from hopes or fears, in humble ease,
 Unheard of, I may live and die in peace!
 Happy the man, who, thus retir'd from sight,
 Studies himself, and seeks no other light:
 But most unhappy he, who's placed on high,
 Expos'd to every tongue and every eye;
 Whose follies, blaz'd about, to all are known,
 And are a secret to himself alone:
 Worse is an evil name, much worse than none.

When

When a man has got such a great and exalted soul, as that he can look upon life and death, riches and poverty, with indifference ; and closely adhere to probity and truth, in whatever shapes they may appear, then it is that virtue appears with such a brightness, as that all the world must admire her beauties.

If e'er ambition did my fancy cheat,
With any wish so mean as to be great,
Continue, heaven, still from me to remove
The humble blessings of the life I love.

M E R I T.

How many men of extraordinary parts and merit have died unknown ? How many are there who still at this time live unknown, and who will never be taken any notice of ? Nature produces merit ; virtue carries it to perfection : and fortune gives it the power of acting.

True merit is not afraid of being effaced by that of others. We judge of the merit of men by the usefulness of their actions ; and there are a great many men valued in the world, who have no other merit than vices profitable to commerce and society. The more true merit a man has, the more does he applaud it in other. Real merit gains a man the esteem of good men, but it is only fate and chance that gains him that of the multitude.

Endeavours bear a value more or less,
Just as they're recommended by success.

The

The lucky coxcomb every man does prize,
And prosperous actions always pass for wise.

Men of mean qualities shew but little favour to great virtues ; a lofty wisdom offends an ordinary reason.

Superiority of virtue is the most unpardonable provocation that can be given to a base mind. Innocence is too amiable to behold without hatred ; and it is a secret acknowledgment of merit which the wicked are betrayed into, when they pursue good men with violence. This behaviour visibly proceeds from a consciousness in them, that other people's virtues upbraid their own want of them.

We ought not to judge of men's merits by their qualifications, but by the use they make of them.

It is a thing exceedingly rare, to distinguish virtue and fortune. The most impious, if prosperous, are always applauded ; the most virtuous, if unprosperous, are sure to be despised.

Our good qualities often expose us to more hatred and persecution, than all the ill we do.

The common people are oft but ill judges of a man's merit ; they are slaves to fame ; their eyes are dazzled with the pomp of titles and large retinue, and then no wonder if they bestow their honours on those who least deserve them.

Merit seldom shews
Itself bedeck'd with tinsel and fine clothes ;
But, hermit like, 'tis oft'ner us'd to fly,
And hide its beauties in obscurity.

In

In the flourishing commonwealths of Greece and Rome, it was either some brave action against the enemy, or eminent justice, virtue, or ability, that raised one man above another; wealth had no share in it.

The world is a theatre; the best actors are those that represent their parts most naturally, but the wisest are seldom the heroes in the play. It is not to be considered (says Epictetus) who is prince, or who is beggar, but who acts the prince or beggar best.

It is true greatness that constitutes glory, and virtue is the cause of both. Both vice and ignorance taint the blood; and an unworthy behaviour degrades and disennobles the man, more than birth and fortune aggrandize and exalt him.

What need has a great man of any foreign aid, to promote the regard that is due to his merit, when an air of noble simplicity, and forgetfulness of his own grandeur, will not fail to attract the public attention; since shutting his eyes upon himself is an infallible way to open those of all the world upon him.

Louis the fourteenth, though a king, rewarded merit, and encouraged literature.—Plutarch has a fine expression, with regard to some woman of learning, humility, and virtue—that her ornaments were such as might be purchased without money, and would render any woman's life glorious and happy,

Adam signifies earth, and Eve life; but not to insist upon Hebrew definitions, man was originally made of the dead earth—but woman of the living man—therefore of a more excellent nature.

Merit

Merit must take a great compass to rise, if not assisted by favour.

It is not always to merit that we ought to ascribe the fame a man has got in the world, chance often contributing greatly to it. How many illustrious geniuses, learned men, fine painters, great sculptors, and excellent architects, have been unknown for want of meeting with some favourable opportunity of displaying their knowledge and talents to the world.

What are outward forms and shews,
To an honest heart compar'd?
Oft the rustic wanting those,
Has the nobler portion shar'd.

Oft we see the homely flow'r,
Bearing (at the hedge's side)
Virtues of more sov'reign pow'r,
Than the garden's gayest pride.

MEMORY.

Memory (says mr. Locke) is, as it were, the store-house of our ideas, and of so great moment, that where it is wanting, all the rest of our faculties are in a great measure useless.

O Memory! celestial maid!
Who glean'st the flow'rets cropp'd by time;
And suff'ring not a leaf to fade,
Preserv'st the blossoms of our prime:

Bring,

Bring, bring those blossoms to my mind
 When life was new, and Emma kind
 O to my raptur'd ear convey,
 The gentle things my friend would say !

Unequall'd virtues grac'd her breast ;
 I saw enraptur'd and was blest
 With her lov'd friendship ! Oh, how dear
 Were thy sweet accents to my ear.
 But sickness—undermining—flow !
 And death—hard, unrelenting foe !
 From our fond hopes did cruel rend
 The tenderest spouse ! and sweetest friend !
 ' Ah ! fled for ever from my view,
 ' Thou sister of my soul, adieu !'
 Our hopes are now to meet above,—
 Where pains shall cease—where all is love.

The memory of good and worthy actions
 gives a quicker relish to the soul, than ever
 it could take in the highest enjoyments of
 youth.

MISFORTUNE.

Since misfortunes cannot be avoided, let
 them be generously borne. It is not for any
 sort of men to expect an exemption from the
 common lot of mankind ; and no person is
 truly great but he that keeps up the same dig-
 nity of mind in all conditions.

It is a comfort to the miserable to have
 companions in this sad state. This may seem
 to be a kind of malicious satisfaction, that one
 man

man derives from the misfortunes of another, but the philosophy of this reflection stands upon another foundation; for our comfort does not arise from others being miserable, but from this inference upon the balance, that we suffer only the lot of human nature; and as we are happy or miserable compared to others, so others are miserable or happy compared with us. By which justice of Providence, we come to be convinced of the sin and the mistake of our ingratitude.

In any adversity that happens to us in the world, we ought to consider that misery and affliction are not less natural than snow and hail, storm and tempest; and it were as reasonable to hope for a year without winter, as for a life without trouble. Life, how sweet soever it seems, is a draught mixed with bitter ingredients; some drink deeper than others before they come at them; but if they do not swim at the top, for youth to taste them, 'tis ten to one but old age will find them thick at the bottom; and it is the employment of faith and patience, and the work of wisdom and virtue, to teach us to drink the sweet part with pleasure and thankfulness, and to swallow the bitter without reluctance.

Fortune, made up of toys and impudence,
That common jade, that has not common sense :
But, fond of business, insolently dares
Pretend to rule, and spoil the world's affairs.
She, shuffling up and down, her favours throws }
On the next met, not minding what she does. }
Nor why, nor whom she helps or injures knows. }
Sometimes

Sometimes she smiles, then like a fury raves,
And seldom truly loves, but fools or knaves.
Let her love whom she please, I scorn to woo her;
While she stays with me, I'll be civil to her;
But if she offers once to move her wings,
I'll fling her back all her vain gewgaw things,
And, arm'd with virtue, will more glorious stand,
Than if the jilt still bow'd at my command.

There is no accident so exquisitely unfortunate, but wise men will make some advantage of it; nor any so entirely fortunate, but fools may turn it to their own prejudice. One advantage gained by calamities, is to know how to sympathize with others in the like troubles. It is often found, that to be armed against calamities with a tranquil mind is, either a sure way to avoid them, or at least to protract the season of their arrival; and if there was nothing else in it, but the rendering them the more tolerable when they happen, it would be prudent to try the experiment.

Human life is so full of lamentable events, that either for ourselves, or for our fellow creatures, we find continual subject for mourning; and thus that benevolence, which is the very essence of virtue, contributes to make us wretched.

In human life there is a constant change of fortune: and it is unreasonable to expect an exemption from the common fate.

Where there is no conflict, there is no conquest; and where there is no conquest, there is no crown.

What

What heav'n ordains, the wise with courage bear.

Evils inevitable are always best supported, because known to be past amendment ; and felt to give defiance to struggling. Few are the days of unmixed felicity, which we acknowledge while we experience, though many are those we deplore, when by sorrow taught their value, and by misfortune their loss.

Calamities are friends : (says Dr. Young)
How wretched is the man who never mourn'd ;
I dive for precious pearls in sorrow's stream ;
Not so the thoughtless man who only grieves ;
Takes all the torment and rejects the gain.
(Inestimable gain !) I'll raise a tax on my calamity,
And reap rich compensation from my pain.

When a misfortune is impending, I cry,
God forbid—but when it falls upon me, I say,
God be praised.

There is no knowing how the heart will bear those misfortunes which have been contemplated but never felt. We are but little affected by a distant view of evils, and it is good for our peace that it should be so.

MORTALITY.

Could we draw back the covering of the tomb ! could we see what those are now who once were mortal, oh ! how would it surprize and grieve us ; to behold the prodigious transformation that has taken place on every individual ; grieve us to observe the dishonour done to our nature in general, within these
L subterraneous

subterraneous lodgments! Here, the sweet and winning aspect, that wore perpetually an attractive smile, grins horribly a naked—ghastly skull.—The eye that outshone the diamond's lustre, and glanced her lovely lightning into the most guarded heart: alas! where is it! where shall we find the rolling sparkler? how are all those radiant glories totally—totally eclipsed! The tongue that once commanded all the charms of harmony, and all the powers of eloquence, in this strange land “has forgot its cunning.” Where are now those strains of melody, which ravished our ears? where is that flow of persuasion, which carried captive our judgment? The great master of language and of song, is become silent as the night that surrounds him.

————— What is the world to them,
 Its pomps, its pleasures, and its nonsense all?
 Who in their beds of dust, in silence laid,
 Are swiftly mouldering into native clay:
 'Tis nought to them who bear the name of kings,
 Or idly share the miser's golden stores;
 Honour and wealth no longer's their pursuit,
 While pleasure's court, and beauty charms in vain;
 For death has struck his sure unerring blow.
 Their race is run, and time's to them no more.

MODESTY AND IMPUDENCE.

Modesty has a natural tendency to conceal a man's talents, as impudence displays them to the utmost, and has been the only cause why many have risen in the world, under all
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the disadvantages of low birth and little merit. Such indolence and incapacity is there in the generality of mankind, that they are apt to receive a man for whatever he has a mind to put himself off for, and admit his overbearing airs, as proofs of that merit which he assumes to himself.

A decent assurance seems to be the natural attendant of virtue; and few men can distinguish impudence from it; as, on the other hand, diffidence being the natural result of vice and folly, has drawn disgrace upon modesty, which in outward appearance so nearly resembles it.

As impudence, though really a vice, has the same effect upon a man's fortune, as if it were a virtue, so we may observe, that it is almost as difficult to be obtained, and is, in that respect, distinguished from all the other vices which are acquired with little pains, and continually increase upon indulgence. Many a man, being sensible that modesty is exceedingly prejudicial to him in making his fortune, has resolved to be impudent, and put a bold face on the matter; but 'tis observable, that such people have seldom succeeded in their attempts, but have been obliged to relapse into their primitive modesty. Nothing carries a man through the world, like a true, genuine, natural impudence; it's counterfeit is good for nothing, nor can ever support itself. If any thing can give a modest man more assurance, it must be some advantages of fortune which chance procured to him. Riches naturally gain a man a favourable reception in the world, and give merit a double lustre,

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when a person is endowed with it. 'Tis wonderful to observe what airs of superiority fools and knaves, with large possessions, give themselves, above men of the greatest merit, in poverty. Nor do the men of merit make any strong opposition to those usurpations, but rather seem to favour them by the modesty of their behaviour.

To make wisdom agree with impudence, is as difficult as to reconcile vice and modesty. These are the reflections which have occurred upon this subject of modesty and impudence, and I hope the reader will not be displeased to see them wrought into the following allegory.

Jupiter, in the beginning, joined Virtue, Wisdom and Confidence together; and Vice, Folly, and Diffidence; and thus connected, sent them into the world. But though he thought he had matched them with great judgment, and said, that Confidence was the natural companion of Virtue, and that Vice deserved to be attended with Diffidence. They had not gone far before dissension arose among them. Wisdom, who was the guide of the one company, was always accustomed, before she ventured on any road, however beaten, to examine it carefully, to enquire whither it led; what dangers, difficulties, or hindrances might possibly, or probably occur in it. In these deliberations she usually consumed some time, which delay was very displeasing to Confidence, who was always inclined to hurry on, without much fore-thought or deliberation, in the first road he met. Wisdom and Virtue were inseparable; but Confidence one day following his impetuous nature, advanced a considerable

way before his guides and companions, and not feeling any want of their company, he never enquired after them, nor ever met with them more. In like manner, the other society, though joined by Jupiter, disagreed and separated. As Folly saw very little way before her, she had nothing to determine concerning the goodness of roads, nor could give the preference to one above another, and their want of resolution increased by Diffidence, who, with her doubts and scruples, always retarded the journey. This was a great annoyance to Vice, who loved not to hear of difficulties and delays, and was never satisfied without his full career in whatever his inclinations led him to. Folly, he knew, though she hearkened to Diffidence, would be easily managed when alone, therefore, as a vicious horse throws it's rider, he openly beat away this controller of his pleasures, and proceeded on his journey with Folly, from whom he is inseparable. Confidence and Diffidence being after this manner both thrown loose from their respective companions, wandered for some time, till at last chance led them at the same time to the same village. Confidence went directly up to the great house, which belonged to Wealth, the lord of the village, and without staying for a porter, intruded himself immediately into the innermost apartments, where he found Vice and Folly well received before him. He joined the train, recommended himself very quickly to his landlord, and entered into such familiarity with Vice, that he was enlisted in the same company with Folly. They were frequent guests with Wealth, and

from that moment inseparable. Diffidence, in the mean time, not daring to approach the great house, accepted of an invitation from one of the tenants, and entering the cottage found Wisdom and Virtue, who, being repulsed by the landlord, had retired thither.

Virtue took compassion on her, and Wisdom found from her temper, that she would easily improve, so they admitted her into their society. Accordingly, by their means, she altered, in a little time, somewhat of her manner; and becoming much more amiable and engaging, was now called by the name of Modesty.

As ill company has a greater effect than good, Confidence, though more refractory to council and example, degenerated so far by the society of Vice and Folly, as to pass by the name of Impudence.

Mankind, who saw these societies as Jupiter first joined them, and knew nothing of these mutual dissensions, are thereby led into strange mistakes, and whenever they see Impudence, make account of Virtue and Wisdom; and oft when they observe Modesty, call her attendants Vice and Folly.

The sweet blush of modesty,
More beautiful than the ruby seems.

A man without modesty, is lost to all sense of honour and virtue.

Modesty is sure the chiefest ornament of our sex, and cannot be blameable in the men; it is one of the most amiable qualities that either man or woman can possess.

There

There scarce can be named one quality that is amiable in a woman, which is not becoming in a man, not excepting even modesty and gentleness of nature.

The modesty of women prevail more than their power, riches, or beauty. Modesty in your discourse, will give a lustre to truth, and an excuse to your errors.

It has been said, that when Jove created the passions, he assigned every one of them its destined abode. Modesty was forgot, and when she was introduced to him, he knew not where to place her; she was therefore ordered to consort with all the rest; ever since that time she is inseparable from them; she is the friend of Truth, and betrays the lie that dare attack it; she is in strict and intimate unity with Love, she always attends, and frequently discovers and proclaims it; Love, in a word, loses its charms, whenever it appears without her. There is not a more glorious ornament for either sex, than modesty.

The first of all virtues is innocence, the next is modesty. If we banish modesty out of the world, she carries away with her half the virtues that are in it.

Modesty makes a large amends for the pain it gives the persons who labour under it; by the prejudice it affords every worthy person in its favour.

As real modesty is the beauty of the mind, so an affectation of it, as much disgraces a perfect mind, as art and an affected dress do a perfect face.

MUSIC.

MUSIC.

If we consider music merely as an entertainment, doubtless the author of all good designed the pleasing harmony and melody of sounds (among other purposes) to heighten the innocent pleasures of human life, and to alleviate and dispel its cares. When we are oppressed with sorrow and grief, it can enliven and exhilarate our drooping spirits. When we are elated, and, as it were, intoxicated with excessive joy, (for joy may be excessive, and even dangerous) it can moderate the violence of the passions, bring us down from the giddy height, and reduce us to a state of tranquillity. If inflamed with anger, or boiling with rage, it can soften us into pity, or melt us into compassion. In a word, hatred, malice, envy, and all the hideous group of infernal passions, which are at once the torment and disgrace of humanity, flee before this powerful charmer, who, not content with this conquest, goes on, if we listen to her enchanting strains, refining our passions, and cherishing those virtuous impulses, and that gentleness of manners in the soul, which every one feels, who has not stifled them by sensuality, baseness, or villany; of these latter, Shakespeare, that sagacious piercer into human nature, writes thus :

That man that has not music in himself,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treason, villanies and spoils.
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And

And his affections dark as Erebus,
Let no such man be trusted.

Music is one of the seven sciences, and is justly admired by all people of a fine taste, and who love the liberal arts. A man who has no taste for music, is destitute of a feeling, which we are informed will be of high estimation in another system. The want of taste for music, is a sign of a barbarous disposition, and those who are not affected with it's charms, are, in character, somewhat below the beasts of the field. A taste for this art does not imply that a person is an actual performer upon an instrument, or that he is a good singer; both judgment and taste for music, may be where the power of the organs that are necessary for execution are wanting. A person may have a bad voice, and yet be delighted with a good song, and be a good judge of singing; he may be pleased with a tune upon the violin or harpsichord, and yet not be able to perform upon either. Such as do not love music, are persons that few chuse to keep company with.

The charms of sweet music no pencil can paint,
They calm the rude savage, enliven the faint;
Make brighter our pleasures, more joyous our joy,
With raptures we feel, yet those raptures ne'er
cloy.

HUMAN NATURE.

Notwithstanding the degeneracy and meanness that has crept into human nature, there is
a thousand

a thousand actions in which it breaks through its original corruption, and shews what it once was, and what it will be hereafter. We may consider the soul of man, as the ruin of a glorious pile of building; where, amidst the heaps of rubbish, you meet with noble fragments of sculpture, broken pillars and obelisks, and a magnificence in confusion. Virtue and wisdom are continually employed in clearing the ruins, removing these disorderly heaps, recovering the noble piles that lie buried under them, and adjusting them as well as possible, according to their ancient symmetry and beauty. A happy education, conversation with the finest spirits, looking abroad into the works of nature, and observations upon mankind, are the greatest assistances to this necessary and glorious work. But even among those who have never had the happiness of any of these advantages, there are sometimes such exertions of the greatness that is natural to the mind of man, as shew capacities and abilities that need only those accidental helps to fetch them out, and shew them in a proper light. A plebeian soul is still the ruin of this glorious edifice, though encumbered with all its rubbish.

Discourses of religion and morality, and reflections upon human nature are the best means we can make use of to improve our minds, and gain a true knowledge of ourselves; and consequently to recover our souls out of the vice, ignorance, and prejudice which naturally cleave to them.

There is nothing which favours and falls in with the natural greatness and dignity of human

man nature, so much as religion ; which does not only promise the entire refinement of the mind, but the glorifying of the body, and the immortality of both.

It is with the mind as with the will and appetites ; for, as after we have tried a thousand pleasures, and turned from one enjoyment to another, we find no rest to our desires, till we at last fix them upon the sovereign good ; so in pursuit of knowledge, we meet with no tolerable satisfaction to our minds, till after we are weary with tracing other methods, we turn them upon the one supreme and unerring truth. And were there no other use of human learning, there is this in it, that by its many defects, it brings us to a sense of our weakness, and makes us readily, and with greater willingness, submit to revelation.

It is according to nature to be merciful, for no man that has not divested himself of humanity can be hard hearted to others, without feeling a pain in himself.

The wise and good will ever be loved and honoured as the glory of human nature.

NOBILITY.

It is the saying of a great man, that if we would trace our descents, we should find all slaves to come from princes, and all princes from slaves. But fortune has turned all things topsy turvy, in a long story of revolutions. Though it matters not whence we came, but what we are ; nor is the glory of our ancestors any more to our honour, than
the

the wickedness of their posterity is to their disgrace.

It matters not from what flock we are descended, so long as we have virtue; for that alone is true nobility.

Let high birth triumph! what can be more great?
Nothing—but merit in a low estate.

To virtue's humblest sons let none prefer
Vice, tho' descended from the conqueror.
Shall men, like figures, pass for high, or base,
Slight or important only by their place?
Titles are marks of honest men and wise,
The fool or knave that wears a title lies.

Be not deceived by the splendor of riches,
to overlook the claim of unassuming merit;
prefer not the title to the man.

Wealth and titles are only the gifts of fortune;
but peace and contentment are the peculiar endowments of a well disposed mind.

The greatest ornament of an illustrious life, is modesty and humility, which go a great way in the character of the most exalted princes.

Nobility is to be considered only as an imaginary distinction, unless accompanied with the practice of those generous virtues by which it ought to be obtained.

Titles of honour conferred upon such as have no personal merit to deserve them, are, at best, but the royal stamp set upon base metal.

Titles of honour are like the impressions on
coin—

—which add no value to gold and silver, but only render brags current.

Great qualities make great men. Who, says Seneca, is a gentleman? The man whom nature has disposed, and as it were, cut out for virtue. This man is well born, indeed; for he wants nothing else to make him noble, who has a mind so generous, that he can rise above, and triumph over fortune, let his condition be what it will.

He that boasts of his ancestors, confesses he has no virtue of his own. No other person hath lived for our honour; nor ought that to be reputed ours, which was long before we had a being; for what advantage can it be to a blind man that his parents had good eyes? does he see one whit the better?

This one advantage is observable in being nobly born, that it makes men sensible they are allied to virtue, and lays stronger obligations on them, not to degenerate from the excellencies of their ancestors.

There is no nobility like that of a great heart; for it never stoops to artifice, nor is wanting in good offices, where they are seasonable.

There is a nobility without heraldry. There is no true glory, no true greatness without virtue; without which we do but abuse all the good things we have, whether they be great or little, false or real. A high pedigree makes a man take up with the virtues of his ancestors, without endeavouring to acquire any himself.

Title and ancestry render a good man more illustrious, but an ill one more contemptible.

temptible. Vice is infamous, though in a prince; and virtue honourable, though in a peasant.

Men in former ages, though simple and plain, were great in themselves, and independent in a thousand things, which are since invented to supply, perhaps, that true greatness which is now extinct.

We may observe some of our noble countrymen, who come with high advantage and a worthy character into public. But, ere they have long engaged in it, their worth unhappily becomes venal. Equipages, titles, precedences, stiffs, ribands, and such like glittering ware, are taken in exchange for inward merit and true honour. They may be induced to change their honest measures, and sacrifice their cause and friends to an imaginary interest; and, after this, act farces as they think fit, and hear qualities and virtues assigned to them, under the titles of graces, excellencies, and the rest of this mock praise, and mimical appellation. They may even, with serious looks, be told of honour and worth, their principles and their country; but must be sensible that the world knows better, and that their few friends and admirers, have either a very shallow sense, or a very profound hypocrisy.

All things have some kind of standard, by which the natural goodness of them is to be measured. We do not, therefore, esteem a ship to be good because she is curiously carved, painted, and gilded; but because she is fitted for all the purposes of navigation, which is the proper end of a ship. It should be so likewise

likewise in our esteem of men, who are not so much to be valued for the grandeur of their estates or titles, as for their inward goodness and excellence.

Virtue can render the meanest name great—
and vice turn the greatest into contempt,—
Listen ye plebeians and ye peers.

Let your own acts immortalize your name.

People in high or distinguished life, ought to have great circumspection in regard to their most trivial actions. Titles make a greater distinction than is almost tolerable to a British spirit. They almost vary the species; yet, as they are oftentimes conferred, seem not so much the reward, as the substitutes of merit.

People of superior birth, fortune, or education ought to maintain their superiority by their intellectual acquirements, in which they are not likely to be surpassed, or even equalled, by those in lower stations, who have had none of their opportunities to improve themselves.

OBLIGATIONS.

Have I obliged any body, or done the world any service? If so, the action has rewarded me; this answer will encourage good nature, therefore let it always be at hand.

Great minds, like Heaven, are pleas'd with doing
good,
Tho' th' ungrateful subjects of their favours
Are

Are barren in return. Virtue does still
 With scorn the mercenary world regard,
 Where abject souls do good and hope reward :
 Above the worthless trophies man can raise,
 She seeks not honour, wealth, nor any praise,
 But with herself, herself the goddess pays.

A man cannot be bound by one benefit to suffer all sorts of injuries ; for there are some cases wherein we lie under no obligation for a benefit, because a greater injury absolves it. As for example, a man helps me out of a law suit, and afterwards commits a rape upon my daughter ; here, the following impiety cancels the antecedent obligation. A man lends me a little money, then sets my house on fire ; the debtor is here turned creditor, because the injury outweighs the benefit ; nay, if he does but so much as repent the good office done, and grow sour and insolent upon it, and upbraid me with it ; if he did it only for his own sake, or for any other reason than for mine, I am in some degree, more or less acquitted of the obligation.

You have yourself your kindness overpaid,
 He ceases to oblige who can upbraid.

A certain person once had done me a singular piece of service, but had afterwards behaved himself very unworthily towards me. An occasion soon occurred which put it into my power to requite his ill offices ; and I was urged to take advantage of it, by a friend of mine—or rather, an enemy of his. I objected, that this man had formerly obliged
 and

and served me. True, he replied, but surely his ill behaviour since that time, has sufficiently cancelled both the service and the obligation. By no means; merchants accompts are never to be admitted into the higher and more liberal commerce of friendship. A person who has once obliged, has put it out of his power ever after to disoblige us. The scripture has inculcated a precept, to forgive our enemies; how much stronger then must the text imply, the forgiveness of our friends? The disobligation, therefore, being thus cancelled by religion, leaves the obligation without abatement in morality. A kindness can never be cancelled—not even by repaying it.

OATHS.

The lawful use and end of swearing, is, to put an end to all strife, and to maintain both equity and charity among men; the two bonds and ligaments of society. Now, since it is the sovereign right and property of God alone, infallibly to search and try the hearts of men, he therefore becomes the infallible witness of the truth or falsehood of what they speak; so that in every such lawful oath, there is not only a solemn appeal, and in that appeal an inscription of glory to his sovereign omniscience, but therein they put themselves under his wrath and curse, in case they swear falsely, which makes this action most sacred and solemn.

But to break in rudely and blasphemously upon the sacred and tremendous name of God,

with bold and full-mouthed oaths, striking through his sacred name with direct and contumelious blasphemies, this argues a heart from which all fear of God is utterly expelled and banished. Yet some there are, grown up to that prodigious height of impiety, that they dare assault the very heavens, and discharge whole volleys of blasphemies against that glorious Majesty which dwells there. They are not afraid to bid defiance to him, and challenge the God that made them to do his worst. They deck (as they account it) their common discourses with oaths, and horrid imprecations, not esteeming them genteel and modish without. It consists not with the greatness of their spirits to be wicked at the common rate. They are willing to demonstrate to the world, that they are none of those puny, silly fellows, that are afraid of invisible powers, or so much of a coward as to clip a full-mouthed oath, by suppressing, or whispering the emphatical sounding syllable, but think a horrid blasphemy makes the most sweet and graceful cadence in the hellish rhetoric. If there be a God, which they scarce believe, they are resolved audaciously to provoke him, to give them a convincing evidence of his being. And if he be, as they are told he is, rich in patience and forbearance, they are resolved to try how far his patience will extend, and what load of wickedness it is capable to bear. If, therefore, destruction be not sure enough, they will do their utmost to make it so, by treading down the only bridge whereby they can escape it, that is, by trampling under their feet the precious

cious blood and wounds of the Son of God, and imprecating the damnation of hell upon their souls, as if it slumbered too long, and was too slow paced in its motion towards them.

It is common for some men to swear, only to fill up the vacuities of their empty discourse.

Common swearing argues in a man, a perpetual distrust of his own reputation, and is an acknowledgment that he thinks his bare word not worthy of credit.

The man of the world—the all accomplished earl of Chesterfield—says, “ I was even absurd enough, for a little while, to swear, by way of adorning and compleating the shining character of the man of fashion, or pleasure, which I affected; but this folly I soon laid aside, upon finding both the guilt and the indecency of it ” Listen, ye Stanhopean pretenders, ye pretenders to politesse.

The great Dr. Desagulier being invited to make one of an illustrious company, one of whom, an officer present, being unhappily addicted to swearing in his discourse, at the period of every oath, would continually ask the doctor's pardon; the doctor bore this levity for some time with patience; at length he was necessitated to silence the swearer with this fine rebuke: “ Sir, you have taken some pains to render me ridiculous (if possible) by your pointed apologies; now, sir, I am to tell you, *if God Almighty does not hear you, I assure you I will never tell him.*”

ADDRESSED

ADDRESSED TO AN OFFICER IN THE
ARMY. BY A LADY.

O that the muse might call, without offence,
The gallant soldier back to his good sense !
His temp'ral field so cautious not to lose ;
So careless quite of his eternal foes.
Soldier ! so tender of thy prince's fame,
Why so profuse of a superior name ?
For the king's sake the brunt of battles bear ;
But—for the KING of KING's sake—DO NOT
SWEAR.

The infamous, though common, practice
of cursing and swearing, upon the most trivial
occasions, and of using the name of God irreverently,
prevails shamefully with many
who are pleased to call themselves Christians ;
nor is this custom less ridiculous than impious,
as it is the only crime which human nature is
capable of committing, that neither proposes
pleasure nor profit for its end.

Of all the nauseous complicated crimes,
Which most infest and stigmatize the times,
There's none that can with impious oaths compare,
Where vice and folly have an equal share.

OPPRESSION.

There is a species of oppression that custom
(and a bad custom it is) has made too familiar
to the inhabitants of this isle, that is, the
confinement of the persons of their fellow
creatures

creatures for debt, &c. under sanction of the law ; indeed law is necessary for the protection of our property, and there are men of strict honour, probity, and humanity, in that profession, who do honour to it ; but these are not the men who advise arrests, imprisonments, and destruction, that would lay waste a whole family, merely to put money in his purse ; such only are the proceedings of the dregs of that profession.

The sentiments of humanity incline us to comfort the miserable, and it is a failing in the most essential duties, to abandon them in their pressing occasions ; but it is almost excess of cruelty to insult them in their misfortunes. A man under any misfortune is to be pitied ; if you have not the generosity to lend him your hand to retrieve him, do not add a new weight to his disgrace to sink him utterly. And yet men are so brutal and unmerciful, as to load a man with the most severe censure, who is unfortunate. The first thought that occurs is, to dive into the reason of his distress. They neither offer in his behalf the misfortunes of the times, nor the posture of affairs and conjuncture of things, but will absolutely have him guilty of meriting all that has befallen him, and invent a thousand malicious stories to discredit and ruin him beyond recovery. Detestable practice ! can such persons call themselves men ? No ! their actions are too evident a proof of the brutal, instead of the rational mind. The wounded porpoise is pursued to absolute destruction by his fellow fish, and the stricken deer is denied shelter by his most customary associates ; but
surely

surely such practices must forfeit all title to humanity.

How justly does mr. Somerville, in his Chase, compare such persons to a pack of hounds worrying one of their wounded species to death.

Panting, half dead the conquer'd champion lies ;
Then sudden all the base ignoble crowd,
Loud clam'ring seize the helpless worried wretch,
And thirsting for his blood, drag diff'rent ways
His mangled carcase on th' ensanguin'd plain.
O beasts !—of pity void ! t' oppress the weak,—
To point your vengeance at the friendless head,
And with one mutual cry insult the fallen !
Emblem too just of man's degenerate race.

Even the honest heart, that never knew what it was to owe, and unable to answer the due demand, can scarce form an idea of what it is to breathe the air at the mercy of another ; to labour, to struggle to be just, whilst the cruel world is loading you with the guilt of injustice.

Past enjoyments do not alleviate present evils ; whereas the evils a man has endured heighten the present satisfactions.

No man has a thorough taste of prosperity, to whom adversity never happened.. It is better to suffer without a cause, than that there should be a cause for our suffering.

It is inhuman and arrogant, to insult over a penitent delinquent.

POLITE-

POLITENESS.

Politeness taught as an art is ridiculous ; as the expression of liberal sentiment and courteous manners, it is truly valuable.

Politeness is an evenness of soul, which excludes at the same time both insensibility and too much earnestness. It supposes a quick discernment, to perceive immediately the different characters of men : and by an easy condescension, adapts itself to each man's taste ; not to flatter, but to calm his passions. In a word, it is a forgetting of ourselves, in order to seek whatever may be agreeable in others ; but in so delicate a manner, as to let them scarce perceive we are so employed : It knows how to contradict with respect, and please without adulation ; and is equally remote from an insipid complaisance and a mean familiarity.

Study with care politeness, that must teach
The modish forms of gesture and of speech :
In vain formality, with matron mein,
And pertness apes her, with familiar grin ;
They against nature for applauses strain,
Distort themselves, and give all others pain.
She moves with easy, tho' with measured pace,
And shews no part of study, but the grace.
Yet ev'n by this man is but half refin'd,
Unless philosophy subdues his mind :
'Tis but a varnish that is quickly lost,
When e'er the soul in passion's sea is tost.

There

There is a politeness of the heart which is confined to no rank, and dependant upon no education ; the desire of obliging seldom fails (if joined with delicacy of sentiment) to please, though the stile may differ from that of modern refinement.

True politeness is a science not to be acquired in schools. Nature must bestow a genius ; and that genius must be improved by reading authors of delicacy and spirit, and heightened by a freedom of conversation with persons of taste. It is an enemy to all kinds of constraint, does every thing with ease, and though certain never to offend, is never at the expence of flattery to oblige.

Be careful to observe the distinction between over-strained complaisance and true politeness, —between false delicacy and true.

He that is truly polite, knows how to contradict with respect, and to please without adulation ; and is equally remote from an insipid complaisance, and a low familiarity.

Merit and good breeding will make their way every where. Knowledge will introduce you, and good breeding will endear you to the best of companies ; for, politeness and good breeding are absolutely necessary to adorn any, or all other good qualities or talents. Without them no knowledge, no perfection whatever, is seen in its best light. The scholar, without good breeding, is a pedant ; the philosopher, a cynic ; the soldier, a brute ; and every one disagreeable. If a man accosts you, and talks to you ever so dully or frivolously, it is worse than rudeness, it is brutality, to shew him, by a manifest inattention

to what he says, that you think him a fool, or a blockhead, and not worth hearing. It is much more so with regard to women, who, of whatever rank they are, are intitled, in consideration of their sex, not only to an attention, but an officious good breeding from men. The most familiar habitudes, connections, and friendships, require a degree of good breeding, else their intimacy will soon degenerate into a coarse familiarity, infallibly productive of contempt or disgust.

Politeness and modesty are becoming in all men, but especially in those whom fortune has raised above others.

Good breeding is the result of much good sense, some good nature, and a little self denial for the sake of others, and with a view to obtain the same indulgence from them. Good manners are, to particular societies, what good morals are to society in general, their cement and their security.

Worldly politeness is no more than an imitation, or imperfect copy of Christian charity, being the pretence or outward appearance of that deference to the judgment, and attention to the interests of others; which a true Christian has as the rule of his life, and the disposition of his heart.

Whatever sphere a man has been bred in, or attained to, religion is not an injury, but an addition to the politeness of his carriage. They seem indeed to confess their relation to one another, by their reciprocal influence. In promiscuous conversation, as true religion contributes to make men decent or courteous,

so true politeness guards them effectually from any outrage against piety or purity.

To be perfectly polite, one must have a great presence of mind, with a delicate and quick sense of propriety; or, in other words, one should be able to form an instantaneous judgment of what is fittest to be done, on every occasion as it offers. I have known one or two persons, who seemed to owe this advantage to nature only, and to have the peculiar happiness of being born, as it were, with another sense, by which they had an immediate perception of what was proper and improper, in cases absolutely new to them; but this is the lot of very few. It must every where be good breeding, to set your companions in an advantageous point of light, by giving each an opportunity of displaying their most agreeable talents, and by carefully avoiding all occasions of exposing their defects;—to exert your own endeavours to please, and to amuse, but not to outshine them:—to give each their due share of attention and notice:—not engrossing the talk, when others are desirous to speak, nor suffering the conversation to flag, for want of introducing something to continue or renew the subject. In honour preferring one another. We should be perfectly easy, and make others so if we can. But this happy case belongs, perhaps, to the last stage of perfection in politeness—but a real desire of obliging, and a respectful attention, will, in a great measure supply many defects.

POVERTY.

POVERTY.

In seeking virtue, if you find poverty, be not ashamed; the fault is not yours. Your honour or dishonour is purchased by your own actions; though virtue gives a ragged livery, she gives a golden cognizance. If her service make you poor, blush not; your poverty may prove disadvantageous to you, but cannot dishonour you.

To feel the extremity of want, and be always under discipline and mortification, must be very uncomfortable: but then we are to consider, that the world will either mend or wear off, and that the discharge will come shortly, and the hardship turn to advantage; that the contest is commendable and brave, and that 'tis dangerous and dishonourable to surrender.

Some ancient sages did those thoughts possess,
That poverty's the source of happiness.
Modern opinion holds, that wealth in store
Is the sole source can happiness insure.
But heav'n-born wisdom teaches better things;
Not to expect from these, what virtue only
brings.

Poverty falls heavy upon him only, who esteems it a misfortune.

It is more honourable not to have and yet deserve, than to have and not deserve.

The little value Providence sets upon riches, is seen by the persons on whom it is bestowed.

Though want is the scorn of every wealthy fool, an innocent poverty is yet preferable to all the guilty affluence the world can offer.

There is no contending with necessity; and we should be very tender how we censure those that submit to it. It is one thing to be at liberty to do as we will, and another thing to be tied up to do what we must.

Of all poverty, that of the mind is the most deplorable.

It is in every body's observation, with what disadvantage a poor man enters upon the most ordinary business; for as certainly as wealth gives grace and acceptance to all that its possessor says or does, so poverty creates disesteem, scorn and prejudice to all the undertakings of the indigent. The necessitous man has neither hands, lips, nor understanding for his own, or his friends' use; but is in the same condition with the sick, with this difference only, that his is an infection no man will relieve, or assist; or if he does, 'tis seldom with as much pity as contempt, and rather for the ostentation of the physician, than compassion on the patient: it is a circumstance, wherein a man finds all the good he deserves inaccessible, all the ill unavoidable; under these pressures, the poor man speaks with hesitation, undertakes with irresolution, and acts with disappointment; he is slighted in men's conversations, overlooked in their assemblies, &c. But from whence, alas! has he this treatment? from a creature that has only the support of, but not an exemption from the wants, for which he despises him; for such is the unaccountable insolence of
man,

man, he will not see, that he who is supported, is in the same class of natural necessity, as he that wants a support; and to be helped implies to be indigent.

A man is not judged by the internal qualifications of his mind, but by the extent of his house. One who has been in business, and has not gained riches, is said to have done poorly, notwithstanding his mind may be formed by the best of principles, and his actions guided by the highest rules of Christian benevolence; which perhaps was the only cause of his not thriving in temporary wealth in an equal degree with some of his contemporaries. While some who live as "without God in the world," thoughtless of every concern but accumulating wealth, are esteemed of the first rank in the community, and the most able members of society. So much is the truth of that saying verified, that "Money commands all things."

Amidst the miseries to which human life is liable, nothing is so generally dreaded as poverty; since it exposes mankind to distresses that are but little pitied, and to the contempt of those who have no natural endowments superior to our own. Every other difficulty or danger a man is enabled to encounter with courage and alacrity, because he knows that his success will meet with applause, for bravery will always find its admirers; but in poverty every virtue is obscured, and no conduct can entirely secure a man from reproach. Cheerfulness (as an admirable author observes) is here insensibility, and dejection dullness; its hardships are without honour,

and labours without reward. Notwithstanding this, there is no station more favourable to the growth of virtue; where the seeds of it are previously sown in the mind. But when poverty is felt in its utmost extreme, it then becomes excessively dangerous, and some deviations from rectitude, are perhaps impossible to be avoided.

Vice is covered by wealth, and virtue by poverty.

How many abject souls there are, who esteem the want of wealth as a want of virtue?

A consciousness of the rectitude of our intentions, tell us, though we are unfortunate, it is not because we are more undeserving than others; nor is our native pride depressed by a sense of our poverty. We can see in *idea Cincinnatus*, the great dictator, preparing on his hearth the homely repast, with those hands that had subdued the enemies of his country, and borne the triumphal laurel; reflect that *Socrates*, the reformer, and *Memnius Agrippa*, the arbiter of his country, had been, the one maintained, and the other buried by contribution. And the great *Scipio Africanus* had been so poor, that the portion of his daughters were paid by the public; who then would repine at adoption into a family that has been honoured by such illustrious ancestors?

PRAISE.

Praise is the tribute due to virtuous deeds, and though it is heartily to be despised, when it comes from the lips of bad men, when we have not a true title to it; yet it is not to be esteemed disagreeable, or discreditable when bestowed

bestowed upon occasions where it is really due, and by those who are really judges of virtue. Praise is the reward of noble actions: What is more animating to our commanders both by sea and land, than the assurance of their country's applause, for their heroic behaviour. Praise is only to be given when truly merited, and then not in the presence of the party to whom it is due. When Telemachus repaired to the assembly of the confederate kings, after the death of Adrastus, and the Daunians desired peace, we are told, that as soon as they espied him they were all hushed in expectation to hear him discourse; this made him blush, and he could not be prevailed upon to speak. The praises that were given him by public acclamations, on account of his late action, added to his bashfulness so, that he would gladly have hid himself. At length, he desired as a favour, that they would desist from commending him: not but that I am a lover of praise, said he, especially when it comes from such good judges of virtue; but, I am afraid of loving it too much. Praises are apt to corrupt men; they fill them full of themselves, and render them vain and presumptuous; we ought equally to merit and decline them; there is a great likeness between the justest and the falsest praises. Just praises are such as you will give me in my absence, if I am so happy as to deserve them. If you believe me to be really good, you ought also to believe that I am willing to be modest, and would fear vanity; spare me, therefore, if you have any esteem for me, and do not praise me as if I were a man fond of such things. A man ought to blush, when he is praised for
perfections

perfections he does not possess. Be careful how you receive praise; from good men neither avoid it nor glory in it; from bad men neither desire nor expect it. To be praised of them that are evil, or for that which is evil, is equal dishonour; he is happy in his merit who is praised by the good, and emulated by the bad.

Of folly, vice, disease, men proud we see,
And (stranger still) of blockheads' flattery;
Whose praise defames; as if a fool should mean,
By spitting on your face to make it clean.

They who deserve least praise themselves, always allow it least to others; for the poor in merit, like all other poor, envy those of superior worth, and would willingly bring them down to their own level.

The understanding is by nothing more easily vanquished than the artillery of praise, especially if accompanied with the ideas of truth and gravity: it makes its way to the heart, without opposition; and the sense and dignity of the speaker conspire with our natural love of it, to give it the sanction of sincerity.

None are worthy to give true praise, but such as are themselves praise worthy.

Praise from the common people is generally false, and rather follows vain persons than virtuous.

Let us constantly follow reason, says Montaigne, and let the public approbation follow us the same way, if it pleases.

How satirical is that praise which commends a man for virtues, that all the world knows he has not.

There

There is this good in commendation, that it helps to confirm us in the practice of virtue.

The character of the person who commends you is to be considered, before you set a value on his esteem.

The praise of a worthy person, of whose good sense, penetration and understanding we have an exalted opinion, is certainly—though pleasing to the sense, a most dangerous thing; it is not in fortitude to resist it, is surely makes us vain—unless we catch—and check its rising progress.

Sincerity and candour ought to season every action of our lives, and even have place in such contests as we may be engaged in with our enemies.

PRAYER.

Prayer unaccompanied with a fervent love of God, is like a lamp ~~unlighted~~; the words of the one without love being as unprofitable, as the oil and cotton of the other without flame.

“Our wants,” says the late Bishop of London (Dr. Gibson), “are daily, and the temptations which draw our hearts from God, to the things of this world, are daily, and upon both these accounts our prayers ought also to be daily.”

The said doctor gives the following advice:

“Our morning prayers will always most properly begin with thanksgivings to Almighty God, our Creator and Preserver. In the next place a solemn dedication of ourselves to his service. This followed by petitions, viz. for his grace and assistance to ourselves,—for the like in behalf of others. The evening prayers

to begin in the some order, only a confession of sins at the end of the day, and petition must stand in the place of morning dedication—and the conclusion should be with a petition for rest and protection, instead of that for a blessing on our business.—For the Sabbath, the great day of rest, &c.” Let your prayers be ever so proper in the form and expression, or let your heart accompany them with a devotion ever so intense, still be very careful to avoid the dangerous error of imagining that any merit arises from the most perfect performance of them. They become acceptable to God through Christ alone; and are the means, indeed, to make you good; but the goodness itself is not in them, no more than a favour among men can be said to be deserved, because asked with humility, propriety and elegance. If therefore you were to trust merely in them, 'twould be making idols of your prayers;—it would be putting them in place of CHRIST's atonement, which is quite contrary to praying (as an unworthy sinner) in the name of CHRIST.

If we have not recourse to God with the mind and thoughts that we ought, it looks as if we expected nothing from him; or rather (seeing our remissness and indolence) it may be said, that we do not deserve to obtain—that we do not value the things that we seem to ask. Yet, God would have what is asked of him asked with earnestness; and far from taking our importunity ill, he is in some manner well pleased with it. For, in fine, He is the only debtor who thinks himself obliged for the demands that are made upon him. He is the only one that pays what we never lent him.
The

The more he sees us press him, the more liberal he is. He even gives that he does not owe. If we coldly ask, he defers his liberalities; not because he does not love to give, but because he would be pressed, and because violence is agreeable to him.

Tertullian says something like this, of the prayers that the primitive Christians made in common. We meet together, says he, as if we conspired to take by our prayers what we ask of him; this violence is pleasing to him. St. Paul ingeniously explains what Christ teaches in the Gospel, that heaven is taken by violence; "do violence to God," says he, seize the kingdom of heaven. He that forbids us to touch another's goods, rejoices to have his own invaded: He that condemns the violence of avarice, praises that of faith.

As the bones of the human frame connected together, form the skeleton of a man, so repentance, faith, hope, charity, love, zeal, humility, patience, resignation, hatred of sin, purity of heart, and holiness of life, all united together, make a Christian; but must be accompanied with prayer, the breath of the new creature, or they will prove like dead corps, lifeless and inactive.

Going to prayer with bad affections, is like paying one's levee in an undress.

All prayer must be made with faith and hope: He who would pray with effect, must live with care and piety: Our prayers must be fervent, intense, earnest and importunate. Our desires must be lasting, and our prayers frequent and continual. God hears us not the sooner for our many words, but much the sooner for our earnest

earnest desire. A long prayer and a short differ not in their capacities of being accepted ; for both of them take their value, according to the fervency of spirit, and the charity of the prayer. That prayer which is short, by reason of an impatient spirit, dullness, flight of holy things, or indifferency of desires, is very often criminal, always imperfect ; and that prayer which is long out of ostentation, superstition, or a trifling spirit, is as criminal and imperfect, as the other in their several instances.

We must be careful in all our prayers to attend our present work, having a present mind, not wandering upon impertinent things, nor distant from our words, much less contrary to them.

Often pray, and you shall pray oftner ; and when you are accustomed to frequent devotion, it will so insensibly unite to your nature and affections, that it will become a trouble to you to omit your usual or appointed prayers ; and what you obtain at first by doing violence to your inclinations, at last will be left with as much uneasiness, as that by which at first it entered.

PLEASURE.

There is but one solid pleasure in life, and that is, our duty. How miserable then, how unwise, how unpardonable are they, who make that a pain.

He that resigns the world, is in a constant possession of a serene mind, but he who follows the pleasures of it, meets with nothing but remorse and confusion.

The temperate man's pleasures are durable,
because

because they are regular; and all his life is calm and serene, because it is innocent.

How wretched is it to consider the care and cost laid out upon luxury and shew, and the general neglect of those shining habits of the mind, which should set us off in real and solid excellencies. When pleasure is predominant, all virtues are of course excluded.

If sensuality is pleasure, beasts are happier than men; but human felicity is lodged in the soul, not in the flesh.

Would you—or would you not, with pleasure live?

'Tis virtue can alone the blessing give;

With ardent spirit her alone pursue,

And with contempt all other pleasures view.

The pleasure of virtue, of charity, and of learning, is true and lasting pleasure.

The man whose heart is replete with pure and unaffected piety, who looks upon the Father of Nature in that just and amiable light, which all his works reflect upon him, cannot fail of tasting the sublimest pleasure, contemplating the stupendous and innumerable effects of infinite goodness. Whether he looks abroad on the natural or the moral world, his reflections must still be attended with delight; and the sense of his own unworthiness, so far from lessening, will increase his pleasure, while it places the forbearing and indulgence of his creator in a still more interesting point of view. Here his mind may dwell upon the present, look back to the past, or stretch forward into futurity with equal satisfaction; and, the more he indulges contemplation, the higher will

his delight arise. Such a disposition as this, seems to be the most secure foundation on which the fabric of pleasure can be built.

The contemplation of the beauties of the universe, the cordial enjoyments of friendship, the tender delights of love, and the rational pleasures of religion, are open to all; and they are, all of them, capable of giving that real happiness contended for. These being the only fountains from which true pleasure springs, it is no wonder that many should be impelled to say, they have not yet found it, and should still cry out, "Who will shew us any good." They seek it every way but the true way. They want a heart for devotion, humanity, friendship, and love; and a taste for whatever is truly beautiful and admirable.

PRIDE.

Every man, however little, makes a figure in his own eyes.

Pride, by a great mistake, is commonly taken for a greatness of soul; as if the soul was to be ennobled by vice: For that pride is one of the most enormous of vices, I think no reasonable man can dispute: It is the base offspring of weakness, imperfection, and ignorance; since, were we not weak and imperfect creatures, we should not be destitute of knowledge of ourselves; and had we that knowledge, it were impossible we should be proud. But, on the contrary, true humility is a certain mark of a bright reason, and elevated soul, as being the natural consequences of them. When we come to have our minds
cleared

cleared by reason from those thick mists that our disorderly passions throw about them; when we come to discern more perfectly, and consider more nearly the immense power and goodness, the infinite glory and duration of God; and to make a comparison between these perfections of his, and our own frailty and weakness, and the shortness and uncertainty of our beings, we should humble ourselves even into the very dust before him.—

Titles, riches, and fine houses, signify no more to the making of one man better than another, than the finer saddle to the making the better horse. And it truly shews a poor spirit, for one man to take these paltry advantages of another; it must be intrinsic worth in any creature, that must give it the preference to another. If he is ambitious to excel his fellows, let it be in something that belongs to himself; something that demonstrates him to be a better creature. Let him contend in virtue, which alone is capable to put a great difference between man and man; and whoever gains the advantage there, has reason to value it, though it will never make him proud.

Of all the causes which conspire to blind
Man's erring reason, and misguide the mind;
What the weak head with strongest bias rules,
Is pride, the never failing vice of fools.

Whatever nature has in worth denied,
She gives in large recruits of needful pride;
For as in bodies, thus in souls we find,

What wants in blood and spirits swell'd with wind;

Pride, where wit fails, steps in to our defence,
 And fills up all the mighty void of sense.
 If once right reason drives that cloud away,
 Truth breaks upon us with resistless day.
 Trust not yourselves, but your defects to know,
 Make use of ev'ry friend and ev'ry foe.

He who thinks no man above him but for his virtue, none below him but for his vice, can never be obsequious in a wrong place.

That is a mean and despicable kind of pride, that measures worth by the gifts of fortune, the greatest portion of which is too often in the hands of the least deserving.

None are so invincible as your half-witted people, who know just enough to excite their pride, but not so much as to cure their ignorance.

The little soul that converses no higher than the looking glass, and a fantastic dress, may help to make up the shew of the world; but cannot be reckoned among the rational inhabitants of it. If they who affect an outward shew, knew how many deride their trivial taste, they would be ashamed of themselves, and grow wiser; and bestow their superfluities in helping the needy, and befriending the neglected.

Proud men never have friends; neither in prosperity, because they know no body; nor in adversity, because then no body knows them.

By ignorance is pride increas'd,
 Those most assume who know the least;

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Their own false balance gives them weight,
But ev'ry other finds them light.

Men of fine parts, they say, are proud; I answer, dull people are seldom so, and both act upon an appearance of reason. Pride and modesty are sometimes found to unite together in the same character; and the mixture is as salutary as that of wine and water. The worst combination is that of avarice and pride.

The man of shew is vain; the reserved man is proud more properly. The one has greater depth, the other a more lively imagination. Persons of proud yet abject spirits, will despise you for those distresses, for which the generous mind will pity, and endeavour to befriend you; a hint only to whom you should disclose, and from whom you should conceal them.

READING.

Reading is to the mind what exercise is to the body; as by one health is preserved, strengthened and invigorated; by the other, virtue (which is the health of the mind) is kept alive, cherished and confirmed. There are persons who seldom take a book in their hand, but to discover the faults it may in their opinion contain; the merit of the work is the least of their consideration; they can pass over many fine sentiments, and rhetorical expressions, without the least regard; but to whatever they think obscure, absurd, and impertinent, they are sure to afford no quarter: many

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perfections

perfections cannot atone for a few imperfections with them, they must have a perfect piece or none; such persons ought not to read at all; they are not fit to judge of what they do read. For every man of sense and candour, who reads in order to reap the benefit of reading, will give merit its due, wherever he finds it, and be cautious how he commends. When I meet with a great many beauties in a piece, I am not offended with a few faults, which might have escaped the author through inadvertency, or which the impotency of human nature could not so well provide against. Sometimes, too, what is very clear in a book, seems to us obscure, for want of reading it with sufficient attention.

We should not read a book on purpose to find its faults; but, purely to understand it.

Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be;
In ev'ry work regard the writer's end,
Since none can compass more than they intend.

Of all the diversions of life, there is none so proper to fill up its empty spaces, as the reading of useful and entertaining authors; and with that the conversation of a well chosen friend.

By reading we enjoy the dead; by conversation the living; and by contemplation ourselves. Reading enriches the memory, conversation polishes the wit, and contemplation improves the judgment. Of these, reading is the most important, which furnishes both the other.

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It must be allowed, that slow reading is the quickest and surest way to knowledge. A frequent perusal of a few well chosen books, will tend more to the improvement of the understanding, than a multifarious reading of all the superficial writers, who have attempted to acquire literary fame.

If we would perpetuate our fame or reputation, we must do things worth writing, or write things worth reading.

I think a person may as well be asleep—for they can be only said to dream—who read any thing, but with a view of improving their morals, or regulating their conduct. Nothing in this life, after health and virtue, is more estimable than knowledge—nor is there any thing so easily attained, or so cheaply purchased—the labour only sitting still, and the expence but time, which if we do not spend, we cannot save.—In the world, you are subject to every fool's humour.—In a library you make every wit subject to yours.

Many great readers load their memories, without exercising their judgments; and make lumber-rooms of their heads, instead of furnishing them usefully.

Were the Bib'e but considered impartially and attentively, in its most advantageous lights, as it contains all the written revelation of God's will now extant, as it is the basis of our national religion, and gives vigour and spirit to all our social laws, as it is the most ancient, and consequently curious collection of historical incidents, moral precepts, and political institutions, as the stile of it is, in some places, nobly sublime and poetical, and in others,

others, sweetly natural, plain, and unaffected — In a word, as being well acquainted with it is highly requisite, in order to make men useful and ornamental in this life (to say nothing of their happiness in the next). It is to be hoped, that a cool reflection or two of this sort, might induce the more ingenious and rational among them to let the Bible take its turn, in their riper years, among those volumes which pass through their hands, either for amusement or instruction. Should such an entertainment once become fashionable, of what mighty service would it be to the interest of religion, and consequently to the happiness of mankind.

RELIGION.

Religion is a thing much talked of, but little understood ; much pretended to, but very little practised ; and the reason why it is so ill practised, is, because it is so little understood ; knowledge, therefore, must precede religion, since it is necessary to be wise, in order to be virtuous, it must be known to whom, and upon what account duty is owing, otherwise it can never be rightly paid. It must therefore be considered, that God is the object of all religion, and that the soul is the subject wherein it exists and resides. From the soul it must proceed, and to God it must be directed, as to that Almighty Being, whose power alone could create a rational soul, and whose goodness only could move him to make it capable of an eternal felicity ; which infinite bounty of God has laid a perpetual obligation upon the soul to
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a constant love, obedience, and adoration of him. And to an undoubted assurance, that the same power and goodness that created man, will for ever preserve and protect him, if he perseveres in the sincere performance of his duty. The body can have no other share in religion, than by its gestures to represent and discover the bent and inclination of the mind, which representations also are but too often false and treacherous, deluding those that behold them, into the opinion of a saint, but truly discovering a notorious hypocrite to God, who sees how distant his intentions are from his pretences. People are as much deceived themselves, as they deceive others, who think to use religion as they do their best clothes, only wear it to church and on Sundays, to appear fine, and to make a shew, and with them, as soon as they come home again, lay it aside carefully, for fear of wearing it out: That religion is good for nothing that is made of so slight a stuff as will not endure wearing, which ought to be a constant covering for the soul, as the skin is to the body, not to be divided from it; division being the ruin of both. Nor must it be thought that religion consists only in bending the knees, which is a fitting posture of humility; but in the fervent and humble adoration of the soul. Nor in the lifting up of the hands and eyes, but in the warmth of the affection. Outward gestures and decent behaviour are things very fit and reasonable, being all that the body can pay; but it is inward sincerity alone that can render them both acceptable. Much less does religion consist in dismal looks and sour faces, which only

only shews that it is very unpalatable to those who make them ; and it seems as if they were swallowing of something that went grievously against their stomachs. 'Tis likewise to be considered, the frequency and fervency of prayers give them acceptance, not the length of them. That one prayer rightly addressed to God from a well disposed mind, is more efficacious than ten sermons carelessly heard, and more carelessly practised. But hearing being a much easier duty than praying, because it can often change into sleeping, is therefore preferred to it, by a great many people. But if, in the end, their profound ignorance will not excuse them, I am sure their stupid obstinacy never will. But there are so many virtues required in order to praying rightly, that people think, perhaps, that it would take up too much time and pains to acquire them. And they are much in the right, if they think their prayers will be insignificant without them, and that an ill man can never pray well, and to purpose, for the stream will always partake of the fountain. And if the mind, which is the fountain of all our addresses to God, be vicious and impure, the prayers which proceed from it, must needs be sullied with the same pollutions. But, on the contrary, if the mind be once made virtuous, all that proceeds from it will be pleasing and accepted. And as to dejected looks and a sorrowful countenance, they are no wise graceful in religion, which is so far from being a melancholy thing, that it can never appear displeasing, or tiresome to a mind where wisdom and virtue do not first seem troublesome ; for wisdom instructing the
soul

soul to act reasonably, instructs it likewise to serve and obey God readily and chearfully ; for that which appears reasonable to a wise man, will always appear delightful ; and religion is that very same reason and wisdom, whose ways are ways of pleasantness, and all whose paths are peace.

Were men sensible of the happiness that results from true religion, the voluptuous man would there seek his pleasure, the covetous man his wealth, and the ambitious man his glory.

Men who are destitute of religion, are so far from being learned philosophers, that they ought not to be esteemed so much as reasonable men.

Religion is so far from debarring men of any innocent pleasure or comfort of human life, that it purifies the pleasures of it, and renders them more grateful and generous. And besides this, it brings mighty pleasures of its own ; those of a glorious hope, a serene mind, a calm and undisturbed conscience, which do far out-relish the most studied and artificial luxuries.

Neither human wisdom, nor human virtue—unsupported by religion, are equal to the trying situations that often occur in life.

As little appearance as there is of religion in the world, there is a great deal of its influence felt in its affairs,—nor can any who have been religiously educated, so root out the principles of it, but, like nature, they will return again, and give checks and interruptions to guilty pursuits.—There can be no real happiness without religion and virtue, and the assistance
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of God's grace and holy Spirit to direct our lives, in the true pursuit of it. Happiness, I contend, is only to be found in religion—in the consciousness of virtue—and a sure and certain hope of a better life, which brightens all our prospects, and leaves no room to dread disappointments,—because the expectations of it are built upon a rock, whose foundations are as deep as those of heaven or hell.—So strange and unaccountable a creature is man! he is so framed, that he cannot but pursue happiness—and yet, unless he is made sometimes miserable, how apt is he to mistake the way, which can only lead him to the accomplishment of all his wishes.—What pity it is that the sacred name of religion should ever have been borrowed, and employed in so bad a work, as in covering over pride—spiritual pride, the worst of pride,—hypocrisy, self-love, covetousness, extortion, cruelty and revenge,—or that the fair form of virtue should have been thus disguised, and for ever drawn into suspicion, from the unworthy uses of this kind, to which the artful and abandoned have often put her.—Some people pass through life, soberly and religiously enough, without knowing why, or reasoning about it, but from force of habit merely.—Again, some think it sufficient to be good Christians, without being good men,—so spend their lives in—drinking, cheating—and praying.

True religion gives an habitual sweetness and complacency, which produces genuine politeness, without injury to sincerity; it preserves the mind from every unfair bias, and inclines

clines it to temper justice with mercy in all its judgments upon others.

Religion is the best armour in the world, but the worst cloak.

Divine meditations do not only in power subdue all sensual pleasures, but far exceed them in sweetness and delight.

To be furious in religion is to be irreligiously religious. Persecution can be no argument to persuade, nor violence the way to conversion.

Were angels, if they look into the ways of men, to give in their catalogue of worthies, how different would it be from that which any of our own species would draw up? We are dazzled with the splendor of titles, the ostentation of learning, and the noise of victories, &c. They, on the contrary, see the philosopher in the cottage, who possesses a soul in thankfulness, under the pressure of what little minds call poverty, and distress. The evening's walk of a wise man is more illustrious in their sight, than the march of a general, at the head of a hundred thousand men. A contemplation of God's works, a generous concern for the good of mankind, and unfeigned exercise of humility only—denominate men great and glorious.

What can be more suitable to a rational creature, than to employ reason to contemplate that divine Being, which is both the author of its reason, and the noblest object about which it can possibly be employed.

All our wisdom and happiness consist summarily in the knowledge of God and ourselves. To know, and to do, is the compendium of our duty.

We have a great work on our hands, the
P gospel

gospel promises to believe, the commands to obey, temptations to resist, passions to conquer; and this must be done, or we are undone; therefore look to heaven for the power.

Religion is exalted reason, refined from the grosser parts of it. It is both the foundation and crown of all virtues. It is morality raised and improved to its height, by being carried nearer to heaven, the only place where perfection resideth.

The greatest wisdom is, to keep our eye perpetually on a future judgment, for the direction and government of our lives; which will furnish us with such principles of action, as cannot be so well learned elsewhere.

How miserable is that man, that cannot look backward, without shame, nor forward without terror! What comfort will his riches afford him in his extremity; or what will all sensual pleasures, his vain and empty titles, robes, dignities, and crowns avail him in the day of his distress.

'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours;
To ask them, what report they bore to heav'n,
And how they might have borne more welcome news,

REPENTANCE.

True repentance is that saving grace wrought in the soul, by the spirit of God, whereby a sinner is made to see, and be sensible of his sin, is grieved and humbled before God on account of it, not so much for the punishment to which sin has made him liable, as that thereby God is dishonoured and offended; his laws violated,
and

and their own soul polluted and defiled: And this grief arises from love to God, and is accompanied with a hatred of sin, a fixed resolution to forsake it, and expectation of favour and forgiveness through the merits of CHRIST; this is evangelical repentance. The insensibility of a sinner, the want of regret and penitence, after having sinned, provokes God more than the sin itself.

When God is angry with us, it is not through a principle of hatred, that he shews his anger, it is to draw us to him, even in the time of anger. Salvian gives the following ingenious description of repentant sinners, who far from conversion are always relapsing into sin.

They act every thing in such a manner, that one may say, they do not so much repent of their sins, as they afterwards do of that repentance. They seem by their behaviour, not to be so sorry for their ill life, as that they have promised to live a good one.—How terrible is conviction and guilt, when they come too late for repentance.

To prayer, repentance, and obedience due,
(Tho' but endeavour with sincere intent)
Mine ear shall not be slow, mine eye not shut,
And I will place within them as a guide
Mine umpire Conscience, whom if they will hear,
Light after light well us'd, they shall attain;
And to the end persisting, safe arrive.
This my long suff'rance, and my day of grace,
They who neglect and scorn, shall never taste;
But hard be harden'd, blind be blinded more;
That they may stumble on, and deeper fall:
And none but such from mercy I exclude.

It is better to be affected with a true penitent sorrow for sin, than to be able to resolve the most difficult cases about it.

The time present is the only time we have to repent in, to serve God, to do good to men, to improve our knowledge, to exercise our graces, and to prepare for a blessed immortality.

We may strike up bargains, and make contracts by proxy, but all men must work out their own salvation in person. How irrational is a late repentance. Must the body be besieged with sickness, before the work be done on which eternal life depends.

Who sets about, hath half perform'd the deed.

Dare to be wise, and—if you would succeed

Begin. The man who has it in his power

To practice virtue, and protracts the hour,

Waits till the river pass away; but lo!

Ceaseless it flows—and will for ever flow.

He who repents truly, is greatly sorrowful for his past sins; not with a superficial sigh or tear, but a pungent afflictive sorrow; such a sorrow as hates the sin so much, that the truly contrite man would rather choose to die than act it any more. A holy life is the only perfection of repentance, and the firm ground upon which we cast the anchor of our hopes, in the mercies of God through Jesus Christ. A true penitent must all the days of his life pray for pardon; nor think the work completed till he dies.

In ev'ry storm, thy safety to secure,

These two great anchors of thy soul secure—

Faith

Faith and repentance; firm supports are they,
 When ev'ry other fancied prop and stay,
 The more thou lean'it, sinks and slides away.

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RICHES.

Riches cover a greater number of faults
 than ever charity has done.

Riches cannot purchase worthy endowments;
 they make us neither wiser nor healthier.—
 None but intellectual pleasures are what we
 can properly call our own.

A fine coat is but a livery, when the person
 who wears it discovers no more sense than a
 footman.

A great fortune in the hands of a fool, is a
 great misfortune. The more riches a fool has,
 the greater fool he is. All the treasures of
 the earth, are not to be compared to the least
 virtue of the soul.

Eating and drinking, vain mirth, news,
 play, and the like, are their constant enter-
 tainment; who know no other pleasure, than
 what their five senses furnish them with.

It is an insolence in the wealthy to affix, as
 much as in them lies, the character of a man
 to his circumstances.

Think not, O man! that thou art truly great,
 Because thou hast, perhaps, a large estate,
 Or may'st the greatest earthly honours bear,
 For too—too many thus mistaken are;
 But let your virtuous actions daily prove
 You truly merit universal love.

Greatness alone in virtue's understood,
None's truly great, but he who's truly good.

Riches have no real advantage except in the
distribution.

SABBATH.

This day the Deity to man has given,
By just decrees to plume his soul for heav'n,
And publicly to join in grateful praise,
For all the blessings of their other days;
'This small return he surely may expect,
And will as surely punish its neglect.
On this, his day, necessity alone,
For absence from the temple can atone.

Upon the Lord's day we must abstain from
all servile and laborious works, except such as
are matters of necessity, of common life, or
of great charity. The Lord's day being the
remembrance of a great blessing, must be a day
of joy, festivity, spiritual rejoicing, and thank-
giving: therefore let your devotions spend
themselves in singing, or in reading psalms,
in recounting the great works of God, in re-
membering his mercies, in worshipping his
excellencies, in celebrating his attributes, &c.
&c.

SENSIBILITY.

Sensibility of mind, and fineness of feelings,
are always the attendants of true genius.—
These,

These, which by themselves constitute a good heart, when joined to a good head, naturally give a greater tendency to virtue than vice : for they are naturally charmed with beauty, and disgusted with every kind of deformity. Virtue, therefore, which is amiable in the eyes of our enemies, must have additional charms for those whose susceptibility of beauty is more delicate and refined ; and vice, which is naturally loathsome, must appear uncommonly odious to those who are uncommonly shocked at real turpitude.

It is a melancholy consideration, that man as he advances in life, degenerates in his nature, and gradually loses those tender feelings which constitute one of his highest excellencies.

The tear of sensibility, said Juvenal, is the most honourable characteristic of humanity.

Whatever real pain may sometimes be occasioned by sensibility, is in general counterbalanced by agreeable sensations, which are not the less sincere and soothing, because they do not excite the joy of thoughtless merriment. The anguish of the sympathising heart is keen, but no less exalted are its gratifications. Notwithstanding all that has been said on the happiness of a phlegmatic disposition, every one who has formed a true estimate of things, will deprecate it as a curse that degrades his nature. It is the negative happiness of the dullest of quadrupeds, doomed to the vilest drudgery.

Men destitute of delicacy, and that solid merit which is usually accompanied with diffidence, often rise to the highest eminence, acquire the largest fortunes, fill the most important offices, and give law to the sentiments as well

well as practice of others. These, judging from themselves, have no adequate idea of the dignity of human nature, and the comparative perfection of which it is capable.

Yet, if of happiness this earth can boast,
 Let me aver 'tis those possess it most
 Who know sweet sensibility's extremes,
 The soul's pain'd, pleasing, transitory dreams;
 For what insensibility can taste,
 Are all but empty pleasures void of zest:
 Give me by tender sympathy to know,
 The secret springs of ev'ry sufferer's woe,
 My heart shall share, my ready wish relieve,
 And what I want in pow'r, in pity give.
 Oh! should I, doom'd to exquisite distress,
 Feel all the pangs of keen unhappiness;
 My mis'ry heighten'd by no friend's approach,
 To cheer my dreary solitary couch:
 E'en then, whate'er my tortur'd breast endure,
 I would not wish less feeling for a cure.
 'Tis this ensures our high degrees of bliss,
 In the blest realms of pure sabbatic peace.

O! Sensibility! thou parent of virtue—thou ornament of human nature! unhappy must that man be, who is void of thee. He must be a monster in the human form—he must forever be a stranger to those dispositions and affections of mind which exalt our species, and which are the sources of the most refined pleasures.

Say,

Say, who enjoys the happiest frame of soul ;
Or he who owns soft sympathy's control,
Or he whose bosom never learn'd to glow
With gen'rous joy, or melt with others' woe ?
Ah ! can the heart where human kindness lives,
Ask the solution which its kindness gives ?
Say, what is bliss ? the mind's unclouded day,
When the calm's settled, and the prospect gay ;
The soft, the delicately temper'd mind,
Enlarg'd to love, to elegance refin'd,
Which, unrestrain'd by charms of sordid care,
Springs from the clay to breathe a purer air,
Beholds with joy the comprehensive bound,
Trac'd by Benevolence's free hand around ;
(To envious spite or peevish pride unknown),
Partakes of others' bliss, imparts its own ;
Feels the distress another's breast endures,
Ceases to feel it only when it cures ;
And what it takes from human griefs, employs
As the best subject of its future joys.
Such is the heart, whence temper'd to the tone
Of harps seraphic, round the eternal throne,
Heav'n has attun'd with all its sweetest things,
And keen delight on ev'ry fibre rings.
By him, thus fram'd, responsive nature's seen
In her just colours, and her lov'liest mein ;
While all her features stamp upon his mind,
Th' impression the Creator's plan design'd.
For him philosophy her truths explore,
For him wise erudition opes her store ;
For him bright fancy spreads her purple wings,
For him the muse unlocks her sacred springs.

The

The graces in each chaster beauty shine,
And virtue moves in majesty divine.

Sweet sensibility! source of all that is pleasing in our joys, or painful in our sorrows; how acute are thy sensations? 'Tis from thee that we derive the generous concerns, the disinterested cares that extend beyond ourselves, and enable us to participate the emotions of sorrows and joys that are not our own.

SOLITUDE.

Solitude is a rare attainment, and shews a well disposed mind, when a man loves to keep company with himself; and a virtue as well as advantage to take satisfaction, and content in that enjoyment.

Solitude can be well fitted, and sit right, but upon very few persons. They must have knowledge enough of the world to see the follies of it, and virtue enough to despise all vanity.

That calm and elegant satisfaction which the vulgar call melancholy, is the true and proper delight of men of knowledge and virtue. What we take for diversion, is but a mean entertainment, in comparison of knowing ourselves.

Sir Harry Wotten, who had gone on several embassies, and was intimate with the greatest princes, chose to retire from all; saying, the utmost happiness a man could attain to, was to be at leisure to be, and to do, good; never reflecting on his former years, but with tears,
he

he would say, how much have I to repent of, and how little time to do it in.

True happiness is of a retired nature, and an enemy to pomp and noises. It arises, in the first place, from the enjoyment of one's self; and, in the next, from the friendship and conversation of a few select companions.

Though the continued traverses of fortune, may make us out of humour with the world, yet nothing but a noble inclination to virtue and philosophy can make us happy in retirement.

I prefer a private to a public life. For I love my friends, and therefore love but few.

The late amiable Mr. Shenstone used frequently to say, that he was never more happy than when alone, except when he had his friends about him. There are, says he, indeed, some few whom I properly call my friends, and in whose company I cannot but feel more happy than in any solitary indulgence of imagination: but how seldom it is that you will allow me these extraordinary indulgences?

When the heart has long been used to the delightful society of beloved friends, how dreadful is absence, and how irksome is solitude. But those phantoms vanish before the sunshine of religion: Solitude and retirement give us the opportunity for a wider range of thought, on subjects that ennoble friendship itself.

SECRECY.

Secrets are edged tools, and must be kept from children and from fools,

He

He who trusts a secret to his servant, makes his own man his master.

Secrecy is the cement of friendship. When Ulysses departed to go to the siege of Troy, in his charge to his friends respecting the care of Telemachus, who was then in his infancy, he, among other things, thus entreats them, 'above all forget not to render him just, beneficent, sincere, and faithful in keeping secrets.' And it is afterwards made a great part in the character of Telemachus, that he knew how to keep a secret, without telling any untruths, and yet could lay aside that close mysterious air, so common to people that are reserved. He did not seem oppressed with the burden of the secret he kept; he always seemed easy, natural, open, as one that carried his heart upon his lips. But at the same time that he would tell you every thing that was of no consequence, he knew how to stop just in the proper moment, and without proceeding to those things which might raise some suspicion, and give a hint of his secret. By this means his heart was impenetrable and inaccessible.

A man without secrecy is an open letter for every one to read.

The itch of knowing secrets is naturally attended with another itch of telling things.

Premeditate your speeches, words once flown
Are in the hearers' power—not your own.

A proper secrecy is the only mystery of able men; mystery is the only secret of weak and cunning men. The man who tells nothing, or who tells all, will equally have nothing told him.

him. If a fool knows a secret, he tells it, because he is a fool ; if a knave knows one, he tells it wherever it will be his interest to tell it. There are some occasions in which a man must tell half his secret, in order to conceal the rest ; but there is seldom one in which a man must tell all. Great skill is necessary, to know how far to go, and where to stop.

SERIOUSNESS.

Nothing excellent can be done without seriousness, and he that courts wisdom must be in earnest. A serious man is one that duly and impartially weighs the moment of things, so as neither to value trifles, nor despise things really excellent ; that dwells much at home, and studies to know himself, as well as men and books ; that considers why he came into the world, how great his business, and how short his stay ; how uncertain it is when he shall leave it, and whither a sinner shall then betake himself, when both heaven and earth shall fly before the presence of the judge ; considers God is always present ; and the folly of doing what must be repented of, and of going to hell, when a man may go to heaven. In a word, that knows how to distinguish between a moment and eternity.

Nothing is more ridiculous, than to be serious about trifles, and to be trifling about serious matters.

There are looking-glasses for the face, but none for the mind ; that defect must be supplied by a serious reflection upon one's self.

Q

When

When the external image escapes, let the internal retain and correct it.

S L A N D E R.

Slander is a propensity of mind to think ill of all men, and afterwards to utter such sentiments in scandalous expressions.

Slanderers are a species of creatures, so great a scandal to human nature, as scarcely to deserve the name of men. They are in general, a composition of the most detestable vices, pride, envy, hatred, lying, uncharitableness, &c. and yet it is a lamentable truth, that these wretches swarm in every town, and lurk in every village; and actuated by these base principles, are ever busy in attacking the characters of mankind; none are too great or too good to escape the level of their envenomed darts. If in high life they find the greatest worth, or a man in a middling station sober, honest, industrious, and aspiring, it is odds that his merit alone immediately excites them to exercise their malignant tongue, and their souls rest not, till their bags of poison are quite exhausted. However shocking to the well cultivated mind this assertion may appear, the truth is too flagrant, and of too easy investigation to admit of the least doubt. What account such unhappy creatures will be able to render hereafter, for so great an abuse of their time and talents, so unpardonable an injury to their neighbour, and so black a violation of the command of the gospel, "love one another," it is not difficult to guess, nor agreeable to think on.

Good

Good name in man or woman is the immediate jewel of their soul.

Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something,
nothing;

'Twas mine, 'tis his, and may be slave to thousands:
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
But makes me poor indeed.

Spencer in his *Fairy Queen*, book 4. cant. 8. after representing Slander as an old woman, sitting on the ground, in a little cottage, goes on,

With filthy rags about her scattered wide,
Gnawing her nails for fellness and for ire,
And thereout sucking venom to her parts entire.
A foul, and loathly creature to the sight,
And in conditions to be loath'd no less:
For she was stuff with rancour and despite
Up to the throat; that oft with bitterness
It forth would break, and gush in great excess,
Pouring out streams of poison, and of gall,
'Gainst all that truth or virtue do profess;
Whom she with leasings lewdly did miscall,
And wickedly backbite: Her name men Slander call.
Her nature is, all goodness to abuse,
And causeless crimes continually to frame:
With which she guiltless persons may accuse,
And steal away the crown of their good name.

Calumny is a filthy and pernicious infection
Q 2 of

of the tongue, for it is generally aimed by the most wicked and abandoned part of mankind, against the most worthy and most deserving of esteem, and wounds them unexpectedly. And to whom is it pleasing? To the most vile and perfidious, the talkative. But what is its source? From what origin does it proceed? From falshood for its father, and envy for its mother, and from curiosity for its nurse.

Nor is calumny itself without an offspring; for it not only begets strife, and contention, hatred and malice, bloodshed and murder; but nourishes other destructive evils. And now let us enquire, what is the antidote to this disease? Innocence and patience. Innocence enables us to bear it, and patience blunts its edge.—When you hear any one ill spoken of in your company, which happens but too often, mingle not the poison of your malignant reflections, nor bid higher than the rest in the auction of slander, much less be the messenger of such abuses to the person concerned.

Those who are given most to railing,
We find have oft the greatest failing.

Ten thousand are the vehicles in which the deadly poison of slander is prepared and communicated to the world—and by some artful hands, it is done by so subtle and nice an infusion, that it is not to be tasted or discovered but by its effects. How frequently is the honesty and integrity of a man disposed of, by a smile or a shrug.—How many good generous actions have been sunk into oblivion, by a distrustful look, or stamp with the imputation of proceeding

proceeding from bad motives, by a mysterious and seasonable whisper. Look into the companies of those whose gentle natures should disarm them, we shall find little better account. —How large a portion of chastity is sent out of the world by distant hints,—nodded away, and cruelly winked into suspicion, by envy? How often does the reputation of a helpless creature bleed from report—which the party who is at the pains to propagate it,—hopes in God it is not true, but in the mean time is resolved to give the report her pass, &c.

There are some wounds given to reputation that are like the wounds of an envenomed arrow; where we irritate and enlarge the orifice while we extract the bearded weapon; yet cannot the cure be compleated otherwise.

When a man of distinguished worth suffers unmerited calumny, it oft has the same effect as an eclipse of the sun; which serves only to make it admired the more. While it shines in unvaried light and splendour, it shines unnoticed; but when it is obscured by some sudden and unexpected darkness, it attracts our attention, and emerges with an unusual and superior eclat.

In this age, in some companies, there remains nothing, when you have done with public affairs, and public diversions, but private anecdotes—pulling down, or gently undermining characters, sitting in judgment upon those transactions, which, though of a private nature, are, by the newly established custom of the times, laid before the public—or producing fresh accounts of them from private hands. I hardly ever hear a conversation of

this kind carried on for half an hour, without some flagrant instance of slander and injustice. It is amazing to observe the courage with which, upon mere common report, facts are repeated, which tend to the utter ruin of a character, and even motives confidently assigned, which, it was impossible should be known.

When cruel Slander takes her impious flight,
 What man's secure against her baleful sway?
 Virtue herself must sink in shades of night,
 And spotless innocence must fall a prey:
 With guile elated, and malicious leer,
 Her neighbour's fame she wantonly destroys;
 No cruel treatment seems to her severe,
 Vile defamation all her time employs,
 How base the bosom whence vile slanders flow,
 There sweet content and downy peace ne'er dwell,
 But all the pangs of misery surprise,
 Of torments and remorse the dreadful cell.

The best dispositions have usually the most sensibility. They have also that delicate regard for reputation, which renders them sorely afflicted by the attacks of calumny. It is not an unreasonable and excessive self-love, but a regard to that, without which, a feeling mind cannot be happy, which renders many of us attentive to every word which is whispered of us in our absence.

No virtue, no prudence, no caution, no generosity can preserve us from misrepresentation. Our conduct must be misunderstood by weak intellects, and by those who only see a part of it,

it, and hastily form a judgment of the whole. Every man of eminence has those in his vicinity who hate, who envy, and who affect to despise him. These will see his actions with a jaundiced eye, and will represent them to others in the colours in which they themselves behold them.

The heaviest misfortune will not shelter you from censure, when the conversation takes this turn. If you have lost your dearest friend, we pity you indeed; but we cannot help observing, either that you have very little feeling, and do not grieve enough, or that you are highly blameable in feeling too much, and grieving too violently; or else, that there is something very ridiculous in your manner of shewing your griefs, or in some circumstance of your behaviour under it. If you are stripped of your whole fortune, 'tis a terrible thing to be sure, but it cannot be dissembled, that your own imprudence was in a great measure the cause of it.

Let the weak and ill-natured enjoy the poor pleasure of whispering calumny and detraction, and let the man of sense display the wisdom and dignity of disregarding them. The dogs bay the moon, but the moon still shines on in its beautiful serenity and lustre and moves on in its orbit with undisturbed regularity.

Let it be our first object to do our duty, and not to be very anxious about any censure, but that of conscience.

S O U L.

Let us duly learn to prize and value our
foul:

soul : is the body such a valuable piece ? what then is the soul ? the body is but a husk, or shell ; the soul is the kernel ; the body is but the cask ; the soul is the precious liquor contained in it. The body is but the cabinet, the soul is the jewel. The body is but the dwelling, the soul the inhabitant. The body is but the lanthorn, the soul or spirit the candle of the Lord, that burns in it. And seeing there is such difference between the soul and the body in respect of excellency, sure our better part challenges our greater care and diligence, to make provision for it. Bodily provision is but half provision ; it is but one part, and that the meaner and more ignoble too, if we consider only the time of this life : but if we consider a future state of endless duration after this life, then bodily provision will appear to be but no provision at all, in comparison, there being no proportion between so short a period of time, and the infinite ages of eternity. Our great partiality towards our bodies, and neglect of our souls, shews clearly what part we prefer ; we are careful enough in not wounding or maiming our bodies ; but we make bold to lash and wound our souls daily. We are industrious enough to preserve our bodies from slavery, &c. but we make nothing of suffering our souls to be slaves and drudges to lusts, and to live in the vilest bondage to the most degenerate of creatures, the devil.

We arm and defend our bodies, and our souls, have as much need of armour as they, for the life of a Christian, is a continual warfare, and we have potent and vigilant enemies

enemies to encounter withal, the devil, the world, and this corrupt flesh we carry about with us. We had need therefore, to put on the whole armour of God, that we may be able to stand in the evil day, and having done all may stand, having ourselves girt with truth, and having the breast plate of righteousness; above all, taking the shield of faith, and for a helmet, the hope of salvation and the sword of the spirit, which is the word of God. Ephes. vi. 13, 14.

I never had a sight of my soul, says the emperor Aurelius, and yet I have a great value for it, because it is discoverable by its operations: And by my instant experience of the power of God I have a proof of his being, and a reason for my veneration.

I am as certain that there is a God above, (says Sterne) as that I myself am here below,—for how otherwise did I come here?—He must love virtue, and detest vice; consequently he must both reward and punish. If we are not accountable creatures, we are surely the most unaccountable animals on the face of the earth. Consult the caterpillar, thou ignorant, and the butterfly shall resolve thee. In its first state, sluggish, helpless, inert—crawling on the face of the earth, and grossly feeding on the herbage of the field. After its metamorphosis, its resurrection, a winged seraph, gorgeous to behold, light as air, active as the wind, sipping aurean dew, and extracting nectareous essences, from aromatic flowers.

A striking

A striking emblem of the soul of man!

THE BUTTERFLY.

How glorious now! how chang'd since yesterday,
 When on the ground a crawling worm it lay,
 Where ev'ry foot might tread its soul away.— }
 Who rais'd it thence? and bid it range the skies?
 Gave its rich plumage, and its brilliant dies?
 'Twas God—its God and thine—O man!—and he }
 In this thy fellow creature lets thee see.
 The wond'rous change that is ordain'd for thee. }
 Thou too shalt leave thy reptile form behind,
 And mount the skies, a pure ethereal mind,
 There range among the stars, all bright and un- }
 confin'd.

Those appeals which atheists themselves make to reason, proclaim the soul of man to be the ruling and noblest part of him; besides the soul is the more vital, more tender and sensible part of us; and consequently, the affliction of this must render us much more miserable, than any hardships or difficulties virtue can impose upon the body.

TRUTH.

A lie is a desperate cowardice.—It is to fear man and brave God.

Truth be your guide, disdain ambition's call,
 And if you fall with truth, you greatly fall.

There

There are lying looks, as well as lying words; dissembling smiles, deceiving signs, and even a lying silence.

Nothing appears so low and mean as lying and dissimulations; and it is observable that only weak animals endeavour to supply by craft the defects of strength. Virtue scorns a lie for its cover, and truth needs no orator.

A liar is a hector towards God, and a coward towards man.

Sincerity of heart, and integrity of life, are the great and indispensable ornaments of human life.

That kind of deceit which is commonly laid and smoothly carried on under the disguise of friendship, is of all others the most impious and detestable.

Not to intend what you speak, is to give your heart the lie with your tongue; not to perform what you promise, is to give your tongue the lie with your actions.

Nothing can be more unjust or ungenerous, than to play upon the belief of a harmless person; to make him suffer for his good opinion, and fare the worse for thinking me honest.

It would be more obliging to say plainly, we cannot do what we are desired, than to amuse people with fair words; which often put them upon false measures.

Great men must go and meet truth; if they are desirous to know it; for none will carry it to them.

There is no vice that doth so cover a man with shame, as to be false and perfidious.

It is easy to tell a lie, hard to tell but a lie. One lie needs many more to maintain it.

Sincerity

Sincerity is to speak as we think ; to do as we pretend and profess ; to perform and make good our promise, and really to be what we appear to be.

Lying is a vice so very infamous, that even the greatest liars cannot bear it in others.

The Egyptian princes were used to wear a golden chain, beset with precious stones, which they stiled truth ; intimating that to be the most illustrious ornament.

Nothing is more noble, nothing more venerable, than fidelity. Faithfulness and truth are the most sacred excellencies and endowments of the human mind.

Most of us are aware of, and pretend to detest the barefaced instances of that hypocrisy, by which we deceive others ; but few of us are upon our guard, to see that fatal hypocrisy by which we deceive and over-reach our own hearts. It is a dangerous and flattering distemper, which has undone thousands.

T I M E.

How speedily will the consummation of all things commence ! for yet a very little while, and the commissioned arch-angel lifts up his hand to heaven, and swears by the Almighty name, that "*time shall be no longer.*" Then abused opportunities will never return, and new opportunities will never more be offered. Then should negligent mortals wish ever so passionately for a few hours—a few moments only—to be thrown back from the opening eternity ; thousands of worlds would not be able to procure the grant.

A wise

A wise man counts his minutes. He lets no time slip, for time is life ; which he makes long, by good husbandry and a right use and application of it.

Make the most of your minutes, says Aurelius, and be good for something while you can.

Know the true value of time ; snatch, seize, and enjoy every moment of it. No idleness, no laziness, no procrastination ; never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day.

We should read over our lives as well as books ; take a survey of our actions, and make an inspection into the division of our time. King Alfred (that truly wise and great monarch) is recorded to have divided the day and night into three parts : Eight hours he allotted to eat and sleep in, eight for business and recreation, and eight he dedicated to study and prayer.

To come but once into the world, and trifle away our right use of it, making that a burden which was given for a blessing, is strange infatuation.

Time is what we want most, but what we use worst ; for which we must all account, when time shall be no more.

There is but little need to drive away that time by foolish diversions, which flies away so swiftly of itself, and when once gone, can never be recalled.

An idle person is a kind of monster in the creation ; all nature is busy about him. How wretched is it to hear people complain, that the day hangs heavy upon them, that they do not know what to do with themselves. How monstrous are such expressions among crea-

R

tures,

tures, who can apply themselves to the duties of religion and meditation; to the reading of useful books; who may exercise themselves in the pursuit of knowledge and virtue, and every hour of their lives make themselves wiser and better.

Should the greatest part of people sit down, and draw a particular account of their time, what a shameful bill would it be? So much extraordinary for eating, drinking, and sleeping, beyond what nature requires; so much in revelling and wantonness; so much for the recovery of last night's intemperance; so much for gaming, plays, and masquerades; so much in paying and receiving formal and impertinent visits, in idle and foolish prating, in censuring and reviling our neighbours; so much in dressing and talking of fashions; and so much lost and wasted in doing nothing.

There is no man but hath a foul, and, if he will look carefully to that, he need not complain for want of business. Where there are so many corruptions to mortify, so many inclinations to watch over, so many temptations to resist, the graces of God to improve, and former neglects of all these to lament, sure he can never want sufficient employment. For all these require time, and so men at their deaths find; for those who have lived carelessly, and wasted their time, would then give their all to redeem it.

It was a memorable practice of Vespasian, through the whole course of his life—he called himself to an account every night for the actions of the past day, and so often as he found he had skipped any one day without doing some
good,

good, he entered upon his diary this memorial,
“ *I have lost a day.*”

If time, like money, could be laid by, while one was not using it,—there might be some excuse for the idleness of half the world—but yet not a full one; for even this would be such an economy as living on a principal sum, without making it purchase interest.

Time is one of the most precious jewels which we possess; but its true value is seldom known till it is near a close, and when it is not in our power to redeem it. The right improvement of time is of the greatest consequence to mankind. The present moment is only ours. The present moment calls for dispatch; and, if neglected, it is a great chance if ever we get another opportunity. To-day we live, to-morrow we may die. Besides, we have a great work to do, and an appointed time in which it must be done. The uncertainty of time adds much to its brevity; the velocity of it urges its improvement the more. Seneca observes, We all complain of the shortness of time, but spend it in such a manner as if we had too much.

The time we live ought not to be computed by the number of years, but by the use which has been made of it: It is not the extent of ground, but the yearly rent, which gives the value to the estate. Wretched and thoughtless creatures! in the only place where covetousness were a virtue, we turn prodigals! nothing lies upon our hands with such uneasiness, nor has there been so many devices for any one thing, as to make time glide away imperceptibly,

bly, and to no purpose. A shilling shall be hoarded up with care, whilst that which is above the price of an estate, is flung away with disregard and contempt.

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